

October, 1956

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CHRIST THE KING  
(Swedish)

THE LAST SUNDAY IN OCTOBER IS OBSERVED  
AS THE FEAST OF CHRIST THE KING



# The Holy Cross Magazine

October



1956

## The Chrysalis And The Cross

BY THE RT. REV. CHANDLER STERLING

With a tearing wrench the hasp and padlock fell away from the door of the crossroads church, this forlorn little frame building with the chalked-out paint, sun-seared and wind-blasted after many lonely years of the roaring silence of the high western plains. Agreeing with the exterior, the inner room gave every appearance of a chrysalis, or shell, in which the creature had died within, finally giving up the struggle to burst the bonds which held it in a death because there was not enough spirit and strength to hurl down the barrier.

The dust of years huffed out around the shoes, making a paddle-like trail up the powery aisle, past the window with the mattress carton cut to fit the place of the missing glass. Up the step, across the shredded carpet, and through the gate of heaven, bravely hanging on one persevering hinge, all the way to a varnished oblong crate that was once the altar. On the face side was the conventional monogram IHS. It was tacked on backwards and seemed conveniently to fit the desolation. All this was crowned by a varnished cross marked with little insect

trails blazed across it in zigzag patterns, the myriad trails disappearing over the ends of the altar.

"—and all this belongs to You, Lord? This is where you want me to serve Your people, I suppose. But, Lord, where are the nine?"

Over to the left, under an awry hymn board which still announced the hymns for a certain 23rd Sunday after Trinity, there stood a wooden Font, leaning slightly with the floor in the general direction of Jerusalem. Grasping the little wooden cross which served as the handle to the Font cover I raised it to discover three torn and mutilated Prayer Books, Young Churchman pamphlets and a copy of the Spirit of Missions, October, 1925, as well as a tattered old hymnal. Spirit of Missions indeed! I put the cover back down on the Font, enclosing these relics once more in their dusty repository. As I drew my hand away I realized that one of my fingers had pressed hard against a dull, gray cotton mass that was fastened to one arm of the cross handle.

It was a little, self-made tomb which had

been slowly spun by the in-dweller, now asleep while awaiting that great getting-up morning in the spring soon to come. I looked closer. Perceived a slight shudder, a movement of only a moment, then it was still again. My unknowing and insensitive touch had disturbed things.

I believed that I could detect a feeble stirring of life within. Perhaps this sleep of death was ending, and life was about to win this battle over death within this tomb. It's too small for him. It cannot stretch to fit the new body and the new life within, yet if he does not break its struggling confines he will surely die. There are now more frequent twitches and spasms as the victim is held inside this padded cell that he made for himself just a few months ago.

"Lord, see how this frantic creature wrenches to be born, and to escape the death of life that he has wound about himself."

The motions become stronger, more frequent, now desperate. He doesn't seem to care what happens as long as he gets out without dying the death. But the tomb holds.

"You have built your protective walls too strong, little creature. You have spun your death and your grave. Your refuge has become in this day a padded cell, little bug."

With a sharp knife I cut along the ridge of the cotton tomb. Thus were severed the bonds of death. The little creature has burst the bonds. See how he clings unsteadily to the cross as he spreads his damp and shaky wings.

"Born again, and on a Font, under the shadow of a cross, Lord! There he is, a Risen Life! A worm no longer. No more a creature of destruction, devouring all that is before him, but a living risen mite of life, as beautiful as you, in his way . . . Pardon me, Lord, but You stood before an empty tomb once, too, and not far from a cross either, I remember."

And I thought as I stood there in the great silence, that this little mission church had never burst her bonds, and the life was gone, perished in the hardened chrysalis of despair and indifference.

"Even now, Lord, it may be too late for the piercing sharpness of Your Sword of the

Spirit to free this place from the sleep of death. But if it isn't too late it will be the chrysalis and the cross all over again, Lord, and the Font too, for that matter."

"Aye, Lord, nor is that all, for I know that I, too, must break my prison. If I do not burst these bonds of pride and the wrapping of illusion which hold me, I shall die within myself. I may as well lay off pretending, Lord. I cannot do it any more than that but



GARDEN CROSS  
WEST PARK

terfly could. The garment is too tight. I over-wove mine, just as that caterpillar did. I over-wove mine, just as this forgotten congregation did. These heavy garments of reputation and well-thinking that I have woven about myself were done to make me seem more real to myself and my friends and to increase admirers, and all they have done is to hide me and now to suffocate me. O Lord, cut this winding sheet of pride with Thy knife of love and the Spirit. Sever



enuous threads of ego that I may emerge from this sleep of illusion. Leave me not after the cutting, Lord, for left to myself I shall begin to wind another about me in my futile attempts to seem real to myself and others, which yet only hides me. Bring me forth from this perpetual cocoon of pride and illusion that I may exchange this tomb of my own making for the Chrysalis and the way." "And help Thy wrapped up people, Lord, those swathed in the bandages of self-pity,

those whose hands are tied by thoughtless works; the dying souls in the strait-jacket of self-righteousness; the suffocating servants gasping in gluttony and ease; and all those tied to desks and cars, to self-interest and self-regard. Split the old skin off, ere we die, Lord. Help us to burst the bonds of death which we have spun around us, and may we, through the Sword of Thy Spirit, become Sons of God on that great getting-up day, the Last Easter. Amen."

## UNITED NATIONS DAY

October 24th



### Prayer For The United Nations

ETERNAL God, we beseech thee for all who serve in the United Nations Organization. Grant thy blessing upon their endeavors to heal the wounds of the world through co-operation in education and other fields of human service; and may thy Holy Spirit so guide their deliberations in Council and Assembly, that all causes of strife may be removed, and peace and concord be secured among all the peoples of the earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—BY THE REV. F. J. MOORE, D.D.,  
Editor of *Forward Movement Publications*

# Zeus Et Promethee

Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, V. 160-185.

Par SIMONE WEIL\*

Ζεὺς, ὅστις ποτ' ἔστίς, εἰ τόδ' αὐτῷ φίλον κεκλημένῳ,  
τοῦτό νιν προσεννέπω.

*Zeus, qui qu'il puisse être, si sous ce nom il lui plaît d'être invoqué.*

*Sous ce nom je l'appelle.*

*Je n'ai rien que je puisse comparer après avoir tout soupesé,  
sinon Zeus, si le vainpoids du souci*

*par moi doit être rejeté réellement.*

*Ni celui qui autrefois était grand, débordant d'audace conquérante,  
et on ne dira même pas qu'il a été,*

*ni celui qui est venu ensuite et a disparu en trouvant son vainqueur.*

*Zeus, quiconque, la pensée tournée vers lui, criera sa gloire,  
celui-là recevra la plénitude de la sagesse.*

*La sagesse, il en a ouvert la voie pour les mortels,*

*en posant comme loi souveraine: Par la souffrance la connaissance.*

*Elle coule goutte à goutte dans le sommeil, auprès du cœur,*

*la peine de la mémoire douloureuse; et même sans qu'on le veuille  
vient la sagesse.*

*De la part des dieux, c'est une grâce violente,*

*eux qui sont assis au gouvernail céleste.*

\* From *La Source Grecque*, pages 43-47.

# Zeus And Prometheus

ΖΕΰς, ὅστις ποτ' ἐστίν, εἰ τόδ' αὐτῷ φίλον κεκλημένῳ,  
τοῦτό νιν προσεννέπω.

Zeus, whoever he may be, if by this name it pleases him  
to be invoked,

By this name I call him.

Nothing is left that I can compare with him, having weighed all  
things,

Except Zeus,

If I am to cast this vain burden of anxiety from me.

Nor shall he who was great long ago, bursting with a victor's  
boldness,

Be said even to have existed,

Nor shall he who followed, and has disappeared in finding  
his vanquisher.

But whoever, with thoughts turned to Zeus, shall cry his glory,  
Shall receive the fullness of wisdom.

He has opened the way of wisdom to mortals, proclaiming as  
sovereign law:

"By suffering comes understanding."

So accrues to the heart, drop by drop, during sleep,

The wage of dolorous memory;

And even without willing it, wisdom comes.

At the hands of the gods who sit at the celestial helm,

This is a violent grace.

This article from **La Source Grecque**, published in France by Gallimard, N.R.F., will be published in **Intimations of Christianity**, by Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., in the Spring of 1957.



# Zeus And Prometheus

This passage from a chorus of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, which as Greek is difficult and almost untranslatable, is interesting as being one of those which obviously reflects the doctrine taught to the initiates of the Mysteries, notably that of Eleusis. The tragedies of Aeschylus are clearly impregnated by this doctrine. Zeus seems to be regarded therein as the supreme God, that is to say, the only God, and as being above all the God of Moderation, and of the chastisements that punish excess, the excess and the abuse of power under all their forms. To understand is presented as the supreme end, that is, of course, to understand the relationship of man and the universe, of men among themselves, of man with himself. According to this passage, suffering was regarded as the indispensable condition of such knowledge, and precious by this token, but by this token only. Unlike certain morbid valuations of our time, the Greeks never attributed value to suffering for its own sake. The word they chose to designate suffering, *πάθος* (*pathos*), is one which evoked above all the idea of *enduring* much more than that of suffering. Man must endure that which he does not want. He must find himself in submission to necessity. Misfortunes leave wounds which bleed drop by drop even during sleep; and thus, little by little, they break a man of violence and make him fit, in spite of himself, to receive wisdom, that wisdom which expresses itself as moderation. Man must learn to think of himself as a limited and dependent being, suffering alone can teach him this.

Τὸ πάθει μάθος (To pathei mathos = "by suffering comes understanding") is evidently an equation sanctioned by the adepts of the doctrine which Aeschylus echoed and which is doubtless Orphism. The resemblance of the two words *πάθος*, *μάθος* (*pathos* = suffering, *mathos* = understanding) makes of this equation a sort of play on words. Equations of this sort were prized by the Greek initiates; compare the *ὠμα*, *σημα*

(soma = body, sema = grave) of the Pythagoreans (the body is a tomb). Further in the same chorus chants Δίκᾱ δὲ τοῖς μαθητοῖσιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει (Dika de tois mathousin mathein epirrepei), justice makes understanding to fall to the share of those who have suffered (Δίκᾱ = justice, ἐπιρρέπει = to make the scale fall [in the sense of 'to weigh out,' trans.] — or, rather justice grants understanding to those who have suffered, or, grants knowledge.

I would almost prefer to put 'those who have endured,' instead of those who have suffered, to underline that those who know are those who have endured misfortune, not those who have taken pleasure in tormenting themselves by pure perversity or by romanticism. Ἐπιρρέπει (*epirrepei*) indicates that those who have suffered may share in the possibility of knowing only if they use the possibility. This equation does not of course mean to say that suffering automatically yields wisdom.

These lines contain the sufficient and infallible method of perfection, which is to keep the mind turned in loving contemplation towards the true God, that God who has no name. The 'dolorous memory' is Plato's reminiscence, the remembrance of what the soul saw upon the farther side of heaven, that dolorous memory which distils in sleep is the 'dark night' of St. John of the Cross.

If one compares lines from Prometheus with the similarity of the story of Prometheus with that of the Christ appears with blinding evidence. Prometheus is the preceptor of men, who has taught them all things. He is he (the preceptor) is said to be Zeus. This is all the same thing; the two are really one. It is in crucifying Prometheus that Zeus has opened the way of wisdom to men.

Henceforth the law, 'by suffering comes understanding,' may be brought in line with the thought of St. John of the Cross: the participation in the suffering of the Cross. Christ alone allows penetration into the depths of divine wisdom.



Moreover, if one compares the first lines spoken by Prometheus<sup>1</sup> with the end of the book of Job,<sup>2</sup> one sees in the two texts the same mysterious linking between extreme physical suffering, accompanied by an extreme distress of soul, and the complete revelation of the beauty of the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Compare certain lines from the sixth-century Pythagorean comic poet Epicharmus on the subject of the folly of love with a verse from the Prometheus of Aeschylus spoken by Ocean:

'The matter with you is not the love of mankind, but an illness; that you find joy in living.'<sup>3</sup>

The line spoken by Ocean is as follows:

'There is no greater gain than to appear mad because one is good.'

Prometheus replies:

'That fault would seem rather to be mine.'

(*Prometheus*, 385-6.)

1 'O divine heaven, swift wings of wind,  
O rivers and their springs, O seas and  
numberless smiling waves, and thou,  
Mother of all, Earth,  
and that one who sees all, disk of the sun.  
I call upon you to see in me  
what sufferings the gods bring to a god.'

(*Prometheus*, 88-92.)

2 Job xxxiii-xli.

3 οὐ φιλόανθρωπος γ' ἔσσι'. ἔχεις νόσον,  
χαίρεις διδούς.

Diels, *Fragmente der Vorsokratiker*, 5th ed.,  
I, 203, fr. 31.

#### — NOTE —

Simone Weil, who has much to say to all followers of the Way of the Holy Cross, was born in Paris, France, in 1909 of a Jewish middle-class family; she died in England in 1943 at the age of thirty-four. A graduate in philosophy from the Ecole Normale Supérieure when she was twenty-two, she might have had a brilliant career in the academic or literary worlds; she did in fact teach in several *Lycees* and did publish articles in literary and political magazines. However, social action was her chosen field and to this she brought all the gifts of her generous nature.

Her very great gifts of devotion, of intellectual vigor of poetic insight and expression, were all lavished upon the oppressed—all, that is, up to the time of her conversion. Her conversion took place during Holy Week of 1938 at the Benedictine Monastery of Solesmes when the Christ came to be the focal center of her life.\* Not that she abandoned the oppressed thereafter, rather she found the God of Christianity the answer to all her questions; and concerning Social Reform the answer was essentially the Way of the Cross.

So the reforms she henceforth offered have to do with teaching the spiritual uses of ne-

Simone Weil, however, was never baptized.

—Ed.

cessity. Especially these reforms purpose to teach workers the spiritual meaning of their task and to teach them to find that meaning expressed in the very acts and gestures they are obliged, day by day, to perform. Since there must always be a number of persons in factories and in the fields executing tasks which they do not conceive, no external revolution can give all men the freedom that all crave. However, an inner freedom can be taught, a culture in which the workers feel themselves not as slaves, but as co-workers in God's plan, to the end that they might substitute acceptance for blind submission.

Simone Weil's way of teaching was the way of the poet for she gave tangible images that contain her messages, analogies that spiral to an ever wider meaning. For example, she said that, if one grows thin sowing the wheat, one's very flesh becomes the wheat, and, if the wheat is used for the Host, it becomes the body of Christ. Whoever laboured with that intention would live the spirituality of his work. Further, to help the factory workers who have repetitious, mechanical jobs, she showed how the mechanical laws that govern machines, for instance, the principle of the scissors-grinder and the sewing machine, are symbolic of supernatural truths. The oscillation in the alternative movement is symbolic of our earthly condition, while the

circular movement is an image of the eternal and changeless act wherein God buckles upon Himself and has no other object than Himself. The linking of these two movements creates an image of the relationships between God and His creatures.

She believed that the spirituality of Ancient Greece, as well as that of Christianity, should be taught to workers and intellectuals alike. Plato and the Greek poets and dramatists were her own preparation for the Christ, and the short essay we publish here

is one of a number in which all the vistas converge, and of which the aim is to show the place and importance of Greek spirituality within the stream of spiritual revelation which finds its full perfection in the Christ. In the foregoing article: *Zeus and Prometheus*, the theme of suffering as grace is expressed in Aeschylus' words: By suffering (death) comes understanding (rebirth), that is, by the Way of the Cross, which Simone Weil referred to as "le bon port."

—E. C. G.

## Julian of Norwich

BY ELIZABETH R. WATERS

*"As it began to dawn, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to the sepulchre."*

ONE wonders if Julian of Norwich thought of this portion of the Resurrection story as she awoke so early on that memorable morning in her life and listened with quiet rapture to the singing of the birds in Maytime England, the England Chaucer so loved and immortalized.

It is easy to associate Julian with the Resurrection because of the ringing clarity of her message—a message as refreshing as a breath of good English air, laden with the joy and eager expectancy of the "Queen of Seasons" and having as its keynote the Infinite Love of God.

One wonders why this English mystic has been overlooked in the calendar of saints by that branch of the Holy Catholic Church having the facilities and means of canonizing such saints as Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross. Perhaps it is because she is so distinctly British and so removed, geographically, as well as temperamentally, from her Latin contemporaries.

Be that as it may, the Anglican Communion, although having no machinery for the canonization of her saints, recognizes Julian of Norwich as one of her "ain folk" and the Cathedral Church of Norwich witnesses that fact by having her image colorfully enshrined in one of the church's stained glass windows. Bearing further witness to this pious claim

is the work of the Sisterhood of the Anglican Community of All Hallows which so graciously reflects the spirit of this unheralded saint.

The life of Julian of Norwich mirrored the great truths of the Resurrection as few other lives have done. Although acknowledging the long, tortuous shadows of the cross inevitably stretching across life's pathway, she was nevertheless ever mindful of the blaze of light behind the cross which brings the shadows into relief. The Crucifixion and the Resurrection were inseparable truths to Julian. First, the crucifixion of Love, with all its attendant horror, then, as its outcome, the incredible, the amazing and almost unbearable joy of the Resurrection—two conditions of life—inescapable and forever linked!

"All shall be well, all shall be well," was one of her most constant utterances. She comes down to us through the ages as almost modern in her optimism, and if the reader of history were not entirely convinced of her complete devotion to the traditional church and of her firm belief in the sacrificial element in religion, he might label her as the medieval counterpart of one of the present-day followers of the cults teaching the philosophy that all is "sweetness and light." For Julian, while having a healthy conception of the gravity of sin, wasted no time in endless repetitions of "mea culpa" or flagellations—spiritual or otherwise. Apparently, her life



conscience precluded the use of a hair shirt!

Suffering, of course, she knew to be inevitable, but she could not bring herself to believe that to go on suffering endlessly and meaninglessly was the blessed will of God. Instead, she sought to find the meaning behind the twisted agony on the cross.

Gifted with human love and compassion, she irresistibly attracted the simple folk who came to the little window of her anchorhold to ask her prayers and seek her guidance.

But human love isn't enough, so Julian probed deeper and deeper into the meaning of Divine Love from which human love ever springs.

She discovered, however, as so many of us do in the course of a lifetime, that love has its price—whether it be the love of parent for child or love for the beloved. And she also learned, as ultimately all of us must learn, if we truly seek, that only the Source of all our little loves can help us to pay that price. The price is sacrifice—a little liked word—but those who have the courage to pay find that the dividends are deep, abiding and universal in their concept. For the reward of this Resurrection experience is that the recipient can never find it in his heart to

hug this richness to his breast, but responds to the Divine compulsion to release, with outflung arms, the wealth so lavishly bestowed. Such is the significance of the outstretched arms of the nailed and wounded Christ!

So much for the philosophy of Julian. But before we go on with her story, I feel there is a question my readers may be asking at this point. The question is probably this: "Why the anchorhold? Why should a woman who wants to be spiritual shut herself up in such an impossible way?"

Lest this type of austerity be a snare to the modern thinker, let me hasten to remind him that Julian lived in the medieval period, and this form of austerity was the medieval way.

There are people—are there not—who seek to do good by setting themselves apart in meditation and prayer? These people are rare, and happy are the souls who can emerge from the cacophony of our modern tempo with a philosophy of life satisfying to all. Alas! They are too often silenced by the immensity of meaningless sound!

There is still another question some of my readers may ask if they haven't visited the ruins of old churches in the Old World or



ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH, HALLOW

made history their hobby. This latter question may take this form—"What on earth is an anchorhold?"

Well, those of you who know what an anchorhold is, please bear with me for a moment while I explain. An anchorhold is a place built on the side of a church. It has two windows—perhaps three—but one of them, I've learned, looks into the church at the Host reposing on the altar; the other window faces the outside world. The anchorite, or the anchoress, as the case may be, was literally sealed into this little enclosure. There possibly may have been a garden hidden from view and a secret passage-way to and from it, but the inmate never left his or her retreat, and food for bodily sustenance was gained from the window facing the world, and food for spiritual sustenance communicated through the window opening into the church.

In like manner, the anchorite, or anchoress, held communion with souls who came to the anchorhold for guidance and counsel—when the little curtain covering the window was lifted—and in like manner did the holy inmate receive personal counsel and shriving from a ghostly confessor within the walls of the church.

So, you see, this was the medieval way in cases of extreme austerity and devotion. I will not now attempt to explain it away or philosophize over it. I will just say that it is a life, is it not, with which we are concerned—and a way? Why should we be unduly concerned as to how that life and way emerged, so long as it did emerge and bring with it a philosophy that may enrich our own lives?

And now, I seem to hear an exclamation. "What a horrible imprisonment! Why would anyone take it on voluntarily?" Well, to be honest, that was my own reaction, at first. Then, I began to think of the ordinary, everyday relationships of life everyone takes so for granted. What about the bonds of parenthood? What about the imprisonment of love voluntarily assumed by the lover? Doesn't this imprisonment of love, in all its forms, result in paradox, namely, freedom to be lavish with love?

Having, I hope, dispensed with most these objections, let us now raise the curtain on Julian's life.

Let us go back to the reference to that Morning at the beginning of this writing. It was the third Sunday after Easter on the morning of the 8th of May in the year 1374 when Julian of Norwich rallied from an acute illness which had laid her low. Here is her own account of it—

"And when I was thirty and a half years old, God sent me bodily sickness, in which I lay three days and three nights. And on the fourth night I took all my rites of Holy Church and did not expect to have lived to day. And after this I lingered on two days and two nights, and on the third night I expected oftentimes to have passed; and so expected they that were with me.

"And being in youth as yet, I thought: great sorrow to die, though not for anything that was in earth that I wanted to live for nor for any pain that I had fear of; for I trusted in God of His mercy. But it was not so, have lived that I might have loved God better, and for longer time; that I might have the more knowing and loving of God in bliss of Heaven. For I regarded all the time I had lived here so little and so short compared with that endless bliss—it seemed nothing. Wherefore I thought: Good Lord, may my living no longer be to Thy glory?

"They that were with me sent for the parson, my curate, to be at my ending. He came and a child with him, and brought a cross. But by then I had fixed my eyes and would not speak. The parson set the Cross before my face and said—'Daughter, I have brought thee the image of thy Saviour; look, then, upon and comfort thee therewith in remembrance of Him who died for thee and me.'

"I considered just then that it was well with me, for my eyes were set upward in heaven, whither I trusted to come. But nevertheless, I assented to set my eyes on the face of the crucifix if I could, so as to endure longer looking straight forward than upward.

"After this my sight began to fail and it was dark about me in the room and murky as if it had been night, save that on the image



of the Cross there remained a common light. But I never understood how all that was beside the Cross was ugly to me, as if it had been much occupied with fiends\*\*\*. My mother, who stood amongst others and beheld me, lifted up her hand before my face to block my eyes, for she thought that I had died."



INTERIOR OF ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH,  
NORWICH

But Julian did not die. She was miraculously recalled to life. From about 4 o'clock that May morning until past the hour of nine, she continued to gaze at the Figure on the crucifix. Gradually, the "Shewings" came into being, following in sequences—fifteen lessons of Divine Love, and the sixteenth on the following night. These mysterious shewings became the basis of the great book it was to take her twenty years to write. Even after the twenty years of constant unfolding, she would later live to confess that all had not been written down or completely understood. "I have teaching with me, whereby I

have some understanding of our Lord's meaning\*\*\*. All the shewings are of full and secret things." Thus, she wrote in the quaint phraseology of the medievalist.

Being a medievalist and a mystic, she seemed to attach great significance to the fact that her sickness and remarkable recovery came upon her at the same age her blessed Lord began His sacred ministry.

In a sense, this eventful May morning was the Resurrection morning of her life. She had been spared to share with others the thrilling certainty of God's Love, and to reveal to minds clouded with doubt, and to spirits languishing under hope seemingly deferred, her unerring convictions of the Truth. In the twenty years in which she painstakingly tried to put down "shewings" of an infinite nature in halting, finite language, she must have had to reassure herself many times that twenty years means nothing to God to Whom only Eternity is comprehensible.

Is it any wonder, then, that she chose thereafter a life of contemplation and prayer? Such a special kind of vocation needed special treatment, so since there was no other way, in the times in which she lived, to obtain the privacy necessary to write down her revelations, the anchorhold became a practical necessity. It was the extreme of the monastic life, it is true, unrelieved by the companionship of nuns in community, yet we must remember the magnitude of her message and her absolute need of solitude to get it down in writing. Why didn't God cause this message to be known much sooner and to a greater number of people? Well, that is a Divine mystery only to be comprehended by the fact just mentioned, namely, that God is not governed by time, by space, or by the limitations of the flesh.

So, in a tiny anchorhold, with one window looking out on the world and all its troubles, and another looking in on the church where the sacramental Presence of the Bread of Life was kept, Julian prayerfully penned the promptings of Divine Love.

And now, if I may digress a bit, let me remind the reader that Julian's experience of a strange illness and an equally strange re-

covery has been similarly experienced by a number of saints. The first saint who comes to my mind is the great Spanish mystic, Teresa of Avila. For two or three days, she had lain in a sort of coma until the lookers-on were convinced that she was dead. Upon awaking from this death-like state, she found herself "laid out" on her funeral couch with the melted wax of the tapers hardening on her closed lids! When she recovered, her great mission was unmistakably revealed to her.

A different catastrophe befell the great St. Paul. We know how he was blinded by the light of Christ and had to be led by the hand until his eyes were opened to show "what great things he must suffer for Christ." Zacharias, the priest-father of St. John the Baptist, was struck dumb with awe until God gave him speech concerning his wonder-child's holy mission. Thus, these chosen ones followed in the train of the blessed Christ—crucified that He and His supreme message of Love would be lifted up for all men and women to see.

All the misfortunes suffered by these followers of Christ caused them to bear in their bodies, their minds and their souls, the unmistakable marks of the utter inseparability of the two great Christian doctrines of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

Julian; in keeping with all the other saints, shared their characteristics in that her gratitude for her delivery from death prompted her to ask for more suffering in union with her blessed Lord.

This pious demand, so completely divorced from our twentieth-century way of thinking, seems, at first, unspeakably morbid. Indeed, it has seemed to be the temptation of many of the saints—especially the Latin ones—to inflict suffering upon themselves. Having all bestial temptations removed by grace, many of the redeemed were confronted with the more insidious sins of the spirit—the chief of them being spiritual pride—springing from the error of thinking one's own experience distinctly unique and singled out for the particular attention of God.

But this was not so with Julian, our sturdy English saint. Full well she must have re-

alized the terrible uselessness of prolonged suffering and the supine excuse that it is the "will of God." She was almost modern in that respect! Yet, she was not afraid of pain—knowing Christ to be the Conqueror of all pain, and so, with loving presumption, she asked for more pain—pain with a purpose—pain which would be dissolved in the Resurrection experience of the brooding Love which transcends all crucifixions and, with Divine alchemy, endows the universe and all its members with abiding and endless cycles of renewal.

The pain she asked for came in the manner of three wounds—the wound of contrition, the wound of compassion and the wound of longing for God.

That she was not insensible to the enormity of sin, let us look into her "shewings" to find out what she has to say about it.

"In this naked word sin, our Lord brought to my mind, generally, the shameful despatch and the utter rejection that He bare for us in this life, and His dying, and all the pains and passions of all His creatures, spiritual and bodily\*\*\*.

"And for this tender love that our Lord hath to all \*\*\* He comforteth readily and sweetly, signifying thus—it is truth that sin is the cause of all pain; but all shall be well and all shall be well, and all kinds of things shall be well!

\*\*\*\* For He is God, Good, Life, Truth, Love, Peace.\*\*\* He is nothing but Goodness

"Therefore, it is God's will that we know sin, and pray busily and strive deliberately and meekly seek teaching that we fall not blindly therein; and if we fall that we rise steadily. For it is the greatest pain that the soul can have to turn from God any time through sin."

Having brought home the fact that sin is separation from God and adulterates all human affection, she goes on to say—

"He willeth that we be like Him in wholeness of endless love to ourselves and to our fellow-Christians." It is noteworthy to pause a moment and ponder her phrase, "love to ourselves." This statement may seem revolutionary but it simply means that we must love the spirit of God within, in Whose im-



age we were made, and evaluate ourselves accordingly.

"No more than His love is broken to us for our sin, no more willeth He that our love be broken to ourselves and to our fellow-Christians, but that we endlessly hate the sin and endlessly love the soul, as God loveth it.

"The mercy of God is large enough for us all. And I was taught that I should see my own sin, and not other men's sins, unless it be for comfort and help of my fellow-Christians."

So much for contrition. Now, let us see what she has to say about compassion.

"Accuse not self overmuch," the comforting Saviour spoke to her in the Shewings, "deeming that thy tribulation and thy woe is all for thy default, for I will not that thou be heavy or sorrowful indiscreetly. \*\*\* I will that thou wisely know thy penance, and shalt see in truth that thy whole life is profitable penance." These words of the Saviour, of course, can be applied to all of us.

Then comes the last wound—longing for God. Perhaps, this bit from her writings may serve as gleanings springing from this longing.

"Our life is all grounded and rooted in love, and without love we may not live \*\*\*. For I saw no manner of wrath in God, neither for short time or long, for in truth, as to my sight, if God might be wroth for a single moment we should never have life, nor stay, nor being. \*\*\* We are mercifully enclosed in the mildness of God \*\*\* securely safe, by His merciful keeping that we perish not, but are happily saved by realizing our endless joy \*\*\* full pleased with all His works \*\*\* and loving and peaceful with ourselves (here, again, we have the proper evaluation of the self) and with our fellow-Christians, and with all that God loveth, as becometh love."

This trust we must have, "for just as by the courtesy of God He forgetteth our sin after the time that we ourselves repent, so willeth He that we forget our sin in regard to our stupid depression and our doubtful fears."

She hastens to say that God doesn't promise us a bed of roses—"He said not Thou

shalt not be tempest, Thou shalt not be travailed, Thou shalt not be distressed; but He said *Thou shalt not be overcome*." And that is the crux of the matter, is it not? These things don't have to overwhelm us. We can overcome them.

In speaking of pain, she wrote—"Hell is another pain; for despair is there." In the glory of overcoming, hell and despair are vanquished in the knowledge that God is "All-mighty, All-wise, All-good."

Not only is God "All-mighty, All-wise, All-good," but He is a mirthful God. He likes to have us talk to Him our own way. This is what is meant by prayer. "Full glad and merry is our Lord for our prayers," for how else do we expect God to be, considering He created all things and found them "good"? And how can we conceive of a God without humor?

These are just glimpses of the "shewings" which I hope will whet the spiritual appetite of the reader to discover more about this little known saint, but we can summarize her reasons for asking for the three wounds by her own conclusion: "By contrition we are made clean, by compassion we are made ready, and by true longing towards God we are made worthy."

Contemplation of the love of God might seem at first thought, to be a selfish pursuit. It might appear to be a retreat from the suffering world Christ came to redeem and heal. For it would seem, according to Julian's philosophy, that God is not content to be worshipped for His own glory alone, supinely indifferent to the needs of man. Had He been of this mind, He would not have brought into being His creatures and never would have been uttered the Summary of the old Mosaic Law—"Love God and love your neighbor." Also, never would the words of the blessed Christ have been uttered thrice. "Simon Peter, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

In thinking of Julian, the recluse, we must not lose sight of the two windows of the anchorhold. Through the window looking into the church, you will remember she held high communion with God, in His sacramental Presence. Through the little window

looking out into the world, she held converse with peasants, pilgrims, knights, ladies, and all manner of folk in need who sought her counsel and prayers.

Such is the meaning of contemplation. The one set apart adores God unceasingly, but intercedes for those of us having so little time for prayer—and for love!

This is the day of the “specialist.” Julian was a specialist in her particular art—the art of prayer—and this should appeal to the modern mind, since we are all specialists in our particular trade or profession in this highly competitive world.

Julian, however, took more time than we ordinarily do to perfect her art. Our streamlined methods of arriving at our goals would have been quite incomprehensible to her. In learning to pray, she learned to love, and, in time, she found both tranquilizing.

In the tense and torrid heat of our modern living, prayer is so often relegated to the tight spot we frequently find ourselves in, and it puffs itself out in petitionary spurts and spirals of fear and panic. And when we finally take out time for love, it so often seems that “smoke gets in our eyes!”

So, when a chosen soul like Julian, sets herself apart—whether it be in an anchorhold or in her own little room—to be a powerhouse for God and do our *real* praying and loving for us, shall we not give thanks?

In closing, let us meditate on Julian’s own words—“From the time that it was shewn, I desired oftentimes to know what was our Lord’s purpose. And fifteen years after or more, I was answered in spiritual understanding, saying thus—‘Would’st thou know thy Lord’s purpose in this thing? Know it well. Love was His purpose. Who shewed it thee? Love. What shewed He thee? Love.

Wherefore shewed He it thee? For Love. Hold thee therein and know that thou shalt never know therein any other eternal thing.’ Thus, was I taught that Love was our Lord’s purpose.”

And thus, it was so from the beginning, and ever shall be, for “God so loved the world!”



Dame Julian's Anchorhold was bombed in World War II and this Shrine was erected. The inscription reads:

HERE DWELT MOTHER JULIAN  
ANCHORESS OF NORWICH — C. 1342-1430  
“THOU ART ENOUGH TO ME”

## Mrs. Sorenson Writes

Bolahun, Liberia  
July 29, 1956

Dear Friends:

Sterling and I have passed two milestones: in June we celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary, and just lately the end of our first six months in Africa. This has certainly

been an exciting and exacting year in our lives; but we have lived through it and the rest should be a breeze. We are glad we made this choice and still feel very lucky to have been given the opportunity to come.

There is no electricity, though the mission buildings have been wired and the Dies



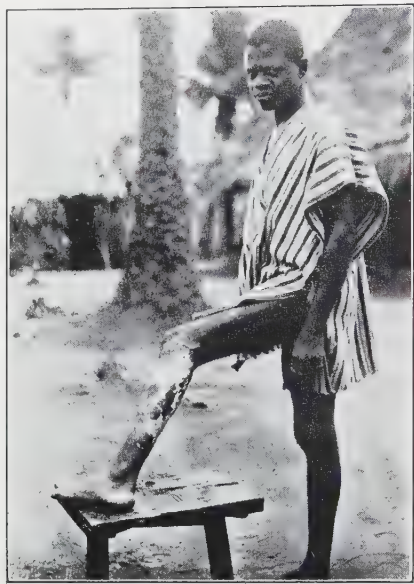
generator is en route here. We have a Coleman pressure lamp for light and a kerosene refrigerator which work very well. There is no plumbing of any kind and I cook on a wood stove, but ah . . . it is a new stove and has been set up in a pantry off the back porch. It is a great help since it saves many trips out to the thatched kitchen house. The latter is now in use for the houseboys and the stove there is theirs for roasting cassavas and such. James' garden has produced corn and potatoes for them and for us too. He works at growing lettuce, endive, and carrots which he knows we like and cannot get here otherwise. He has developed quite an extensive business with it for a first venture, and we are proud of him. The three boys we have had from almost the first are more like sons than servants, but in addition we have a man assigned to fetch wood from the "bush" and water from the well during the dry season when the tank doesn't fill from the metal roof. A laundryman, who also helps with wood-chopping and some gardening (which he considers VERY MENIAL), completes the staff.

Some of our labor problems are amusing. James Cooper is the cook and "major domo," that is, he supervises the others. Richard and Christopher work inside the house also, but Kondowa and Dimeo work outside. Three of these boys have terminated their formal education at the third grade. Richard is in the sixth and going strong. Jurisdictional disputes are inevitable, but I type a "chore sheet" outlining each boy's assignment and they "keep face" with each other when the tasks are clearly defined. Apparently one is never able to sit back and say one has a smooth running household, in Africa at least, for each day brings its own "humbug," i.e. problem. Those of you who have tried to get small boys interested in lawn mowing should just try to get these not so small boys to cut grass here. They have to use a 20-inch cutlass weighing at least a pound, which, like a small scythe, cuts only a small swath at each swing. There are two rakes at the mission (400 acres) and a rake is sure to be far from where you need it. Consequently the grass, and the 12-foot va-

riety comes under that heading too, lies about over the yard to brown, indeed making the whole appearance much worse than before the cutting. I have been trying to get the "yard" into some sort of shape. It is somewhat over an acre, and my predecessor, who left three years ago, had a pretty garden. The boys from time to time burst out in a loving gesture and make some contribution to the garden. While we were away for a few days early in July, Richard made several round flower beds in the lawn, using marigolds and zinnias. Christopher found some white lilies and transplanted them to make a border for the front walk. By the way, if you have any seeds to waste, just send them along here. We can't buy them in this part of Africa.

The boys call me "Ma." I think they treat me like the goose that laid the golden egg. They are proud of "Pa" and of the affection and respect in which he is held by the people here. James loves to go with him to Mbala-tahun and be his interpreter. Richard went along the first time Sterling took the Land-Rover out over the narrow jeep road to Foya Kamara. They believe "Pa" can do anything. Some of this stems from an evening some time ago when there was no doctor here and a woman was brought in to the hospital with a dislocated jaw. She had walked 4½ hours to get here and was in a state of shock. When Sterling was called, he found her jaws badly swollen, her mouth open too wide, and she was much the worse for wear from so many unsuccessful attempts to help her. Sterling gave her an injection anesthetic; and when she went to sleep, he easily slipped her jaw back into place. There were many relatives, friends and curious observers who obviously thought he had killed the woman and then brought her back to life again after the job was done. When she opened her eyes and smiled at him, there was rejoicing and murmurs of wonder.

We now have a very fine English woman doctor and are thankful indeed. She is a surgeon, so when "Father-Doctor" Smyth returns from leave in September, we will be all set for another few years of good medical care. I am working at the grade school dispensary every morning taking care of 30 to



TROPICAL ULCER

45 assorted cuts, sores, burns and ulcers. In this rainy season and with the children barefooted, infections go rapidly, and it is a satisfaction to be able to check them.

In addition to his work in the hospital laboratory, Sterling walks up to the leper colony once or twice a week for medical work. Sister Elvina told the people she would come to take care of their souls, and Mr. Sorenson would take care of their bodies. This is three miles of uphill hiking with a boy to carry the medical bag. We are hoping to obtain and equip a jeep as a mobile lab and clinic especially for this work. Sterling brought enough of his own equipment to outfit such a unit, so now all we have to do is to get the jeep. A Land-Rover can be bought at Free-

town, Sierra Leone, and if anyone wants to pay for a sparkplug or something, about 1850 lepers will be grateful for the more frequent medical care. As it is, if they need more care than twice a week they must be brought or they walk down to the hospital. Mostly they do not stay over night.

I know why missionaries ask those at home to pray for them now. We realize that we are challenged to show forth in every waking moment the Love of God and the Prince of Peace in whose Name we are here. The superstitions of the ages and the Mohammedan faith both crowd us to show forth the very best that Christianity offers. This is not easy, and we know that it is our behavior in a crisis that really tells. This of course is true at home too, but the forces of evil do not wear a different costume as they do here. We are not able to forget our obligations for a moment, and God willing, we will not.

Mail time is the happiest time in the week. This week we missed out altogether because Thursday was Liberia's Independence Day, so our postman couldn't get through Customs. Our next mail will probably come through on Wednesday. Even though it takes 12 days for air mail to reach us from the west coast of America, letters are VERY well come. Most of our mail is on Airforms now, and that makes it not so extravagant for you to write to us. We love you all, and wish it were possible to write to each of you individually, but there is never enough time for that, and we trust you will understand.

With much love from the Sorensons in Bolahun, especially

*Vella Sorenson*

## Brother Aidan, C.O.H.C.

Newcomers to Holy Cross Monastery are wont to look over the assembled brethren and try to guess who the various Fathers and Brothers are. When they see a certain large personage dressed in a black cassock and skull cap, they invariably ask, "Who is that?"

That is our senior Companion, Brother Aidan. He is a man of many parts and has a world wide experience and reputation. We

need not go into Brother's past and lineage; suffice it to say that he comes from an unimpeachable Boston family. He is a trained nurse and, in his younger days, travelled far and wide in his professional duties, both on this continent and in Europe. Later he offered his talents to the Church and did tours of duty as a medical missionary in the Philippines and in Liberia. In the latter country he was stationed for a while at Kpandema



which is now one of our Holy Cross out-stations.

However, the tropics were not kind to him and he had to come back to America. He took up residence here at the monastery as a Companion and was for many years under simple annual vows. During all this time Brother Aidan did not leave the grounds. Except for one minor excursion (but a major swelling) to the dentist, it took the National Registration Act to get him out into the world again! He took his life vows on April 12, 1942, as a Companion of the Order.

But, for all his seclusion, his contacts are world-wide. Brother Aidan is always on the lookout for stamps for a missionary in the West Indies; for clothing for the Sisters in Korea; for interesting reading material (all waste baskets are thoroughly canvassed) for shut-ins; and so on *ad infinitum*. When Bishop Daly visited us last year on his way from the Gold Coast to Korea, one of the first people he asked for was Brother Aidan. "I've known him for years by correspondence. He was always sending us things both in the Gambia and in the Gold Coast," said the Bishop. And, when he got to Korea, undoubtedly Bishop Daly found many of Brother Aidan's pen pals over there too.

As he sends his little gifts all over the world, Brother's prayers go with them too.

During a great part of the day he is to be found in the chapel remembering his many friends before the altar throne. I am sure that, when Brother Aidan enters the pearly gates, there is going to be a surprising number of the saints who will come forward to welcome a dear friend.

Here at the house, we remember the untiring care he took of Father Mayo in the latter's declining years. Even now, he keeps his weather eye on all of us, although it is a little upsetting at times to have a sudden whisper creep into your ear: "Are you all right? You don't look well today."



In order to keep peace in the family we will not divulge who the candid camera fiend was who succeeded finally in getting this scoop! In any case, we are happy to be able to introduce Brother to our readers.

Some years ago, during the Long Retreat when none of the members of the Order could talk, Brother Aidan was detailed to be the porter, i.e., he had to attend all door and phone calls. During supper one night, while the reader was recounting the exploits of St. Oswald, as told in Father Hughson's *Athletes of God* for August 5th, the telephone rang and, of course, everybody heard it except Brother Aidan. There was frantic waving of arms and hands to catch his attention. Finally he came to and, with a mighty heave, got up and started on his way out, just as the voice from the pulpit in the corner read out: "Appealing to the monks of Iona, they sent Aidan." The retreat almost stopped then and there!







# Saints Of October

BY A SISTER OF O.S.H.

October is the month of the Holy Angels. The pure spirits who rejoice eternally in the presence of God, who worship Him, and are God's messengers to man. The Scriptures tell us they ministered to our Lord on earth in His human nature after the temptation in the wilderness and at Gesthemane: that they fight for man against evil: that the angel guardians of children, in the words of our Lord, 'in heaven do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven,' and that at death the angels carry the faithful departed to Abraham's bosom.

The Holy Guardian Angels are commemorated on October 2nd and St. Raphael on October 24th.

October 3. St. Thérèse of Liseaux. 1872-1897. A great Saint who tells us in the simplest words of her own 'little way' to

sanctity; and who also assures us that it will lead anyone who really wills to follow it, to the highest holiness: to union with God. It is a way that commands our fullest attention and our best effort. It is not as easy as it is simple.

October 4. St. Francis of Assisi. 1181-1226. St. Francis was born at the time when the Troubadours of Provence were bringing about one of the great changes in the new strain of western culture. They sang for the first time in history of romantic love: of sacrifice and fidelity, of heroes who were Knights sans peur et sans reproche. St. Francis' mother was a French woman of Provence. He was born a troubador and a poet, and he became a great Christian Saint. The object of his devotion and his song was Holy Poverty. The paradox is that today,



KNEELING ANGELS BY GIOVANNI AMADEO

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. — KRESS Collection)

after 700 years, and in a world torn between opposing ideas of power and of atheism and materialism, St. Francis should be loved and talked about and written about as few men who have ever lived.

Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi, from Forward Movement *Prayers new and old*:

Lord our Christ, may we have Thy mind and Thy spirit: make us instruments of Thy peace; where there is hatred let us know love: where there is injury, pardon: where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that we may not so much ask to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen.

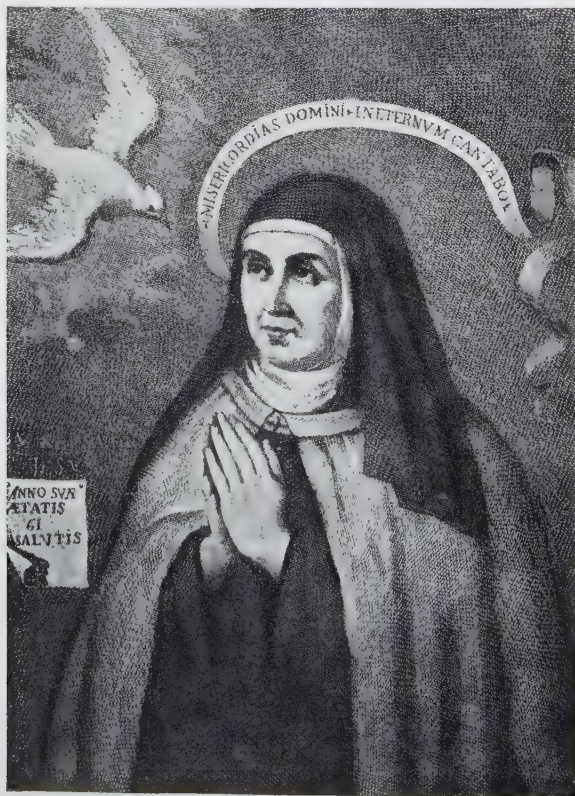
October 13. The Translation of St. Ed-

ward. 1041-1066. King Edward the Confessor was the last of the Saxon Kings of England. He founded Westminster Abbey.

October 15. St. Teresa of Avila. 1515-1582. One of the most brilliant, gifted and versatile women in history, a gay and delightful person, and a great saint of the Counter Reformation. The authoritative English translation of her works is edited by the Anglican scholar, E. Allison Peers.

October 18. St. Luke Evangelist. Companion and beloved physician of St. Paul. Three of the great hymns of the Prayer Book, the Benedictus, the Magnificat and the Nunc Dimittis are from St. Luke's Gospel.

October 28. Sts. Simon and Jude. In the Western Church they are commemorated together. Very little is known about them; Simon is mentioned in the list of the apostles chosen by our Lord in Matthew 10, and one of the general epistles is attributed to Jude. They are believed to have been martyred together.



SAINT TERESA OF AVILA  
GREAT SPANISH MYSTIC



# Book Reviews

BY LEOPOLD KROLL, SUPERIOR, O.H.C.

EARLY TRADITIONS ABOUT JESUS  
by James Franklin Bethune-Baker: *abridged  
and edited by W. Norman Pittenger.* (Green-  
wich, Conn: The Seabury Press. 1956) X  
+146 pp. Paper. \$1.50.

"The purpose of this book is to give a survey of the traditions about the personality and life of Jesus Christ that were current in the early years of the society which He brought into being." (pp. 3-4)

This is a beautifully and plausibly written book. The chapters in which the author tries to show what impression our Lord made on those whom He met, what compelling powers his parables and teaching had on His hearers, do much to make alive for us to-day what Jesus must have been to so many of those men and women who first came into contact with Him.

Unfortunately I do think that in trying to make plausible for "modern" readers the whole of the Gospel story, he has seriously weakened, and in the case of the Resurrection, totally destroyed, what the church has believed our Lord to have been and to have done. Thus in writing of some of the miracles recorded in St. John's Gospel, namely the infirm man who had been thirty-eight years in his infirmity, the blind man who had been blind from birth, and Lazarus who had been in the grave four days, he says, "Though the stories read as if they were photographs from life, it is clear that the author intended them to be taken as symbolic pictures of the power and 'light' and 'life' that a disciple of Jesus actually found his discipleship brought him." I have often marvelled at the 'insight' of some commentators which enables them to discern so clearly just what the Biblical writers really 'intended.'

In his conclusions about the Resurrection appearances the author writes, "...the stories, as we have them in the Gospels, are circumstantial and simply expressed, and many readers of them find it difficult to believe that they are not records of actual events exactly

as they occurred. In the present state of our knowledge that is a reasonable position to take up in regard to them. But there is another position that many believers in Jesus occupy today that is also reasonable . . . The only question that can arise is whether the remarkable phenomena described in the stories of the Resurrection are to be regarded as having actually happened as they are told, or whether the manifestations of the Risen Jesus were made in the Spirit to the spirits of His disciples. In the present state of our knowledge of the ways in which God works in the world, in and through men, and of the ways in which disciples of Jesus ever since have become convinced of His spiritual presence and will and power to help them, it is reasonable to suppose that the first manifestations were of the same spiritual order as the later ones, and in any case not of a physical, visible, audible kind." If it is reasonable to suppose this then the ordinary meaning of the phrase the "historical Incarnate Jesus" is utterly unreasonable.

BEFORE THE HOLY TABLE. A guide to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, facing the people, according to the Book of Common Prayer. *Edited by Massey H. Sheppard, Jr., John H. Keene, John O. Patterson, and John R. Bill, with the assistance of other members of the Associated Parishes, Inc.* (Greenwich, Conn.: The Seabury Press. 1956) pp. 62. Paper. \$1.00.

This brief guide will be of great help to those who wish to celebrate the Eucharist facing the people. It deals clearly with the essentials of the service and has a sufficient number of figures to make clear the text.

The one criticism I would make is the arrangement of the chapters. If there were but two chapters (after the preliminary chapter) headed "Celebration by Priest with Ministers and Servers Assisting" and "Celebration by Priests with Servers Only" with the three parts of the service as divisions of the chapters, it would be much easier to follow.

I found the arrangement of this book shifting from one group to another and then back again just a bit confusing.

Since the editors have had the courage to depart from many traditional uses, why didn't they do something about doing away with the traditional bishop's chair in the sanctuary? In the figures on page seventeen there is the bishop's chair cluttering up the space. Not that I have anything against bishops, (*me genoito*) but as they use their chairs only two or three times a year, I am certain that they wouldn't mind it being kept in a more convenient place than in the sanctuary.

**RESPONSIBILITY, The Concept in Psychology, in the Law, and in the Christian Faith.** By Sir Walter Moberly. (Greenwich, Conn., The Seabury Press, 1956) pp. 62. Paper. \$1.25.

This small book contains the three lectures of the twenty-first series in the Riddell Memorial Lectures given at the University of Durham.

There is a story that some medieval casuist was given the questionable honor of being nicknamed "The Lamb of God," because by his hair-splitting casuistry he took away the sins of the world. Much of modern psychiatric theory would also seek to take away the sins of the world by denying to man any real responsibility for his acts. But this is only to make man less than man.

Sir Walter Moberly, in these all too brief lectures, presents most clearly the concept of responsibility and its necessity for human life in society. He says "No doubt it is a new and salutary discovery that the delinquent is often a sick rather than a wicked man . . . Much reform has come this way and more is still to come. But such a thing can be so overstated that its influence on the delinquent is demoralizing . . . Though there are purely pathological cases, there are also many more which are partly but not entirely pathological, and in which it is not only quasi-medical treatment that is required. Certainly it is disastrous to create a sense of guilt without hope or to give a delinquent the impression that society is making a stiff demand on him without caring for him or doing anything to

help him. But it is disastrous to lead him to believe that he is more sinned against than sinning and to imply that strenuous moral effort on his part is unnecessary." (pp. 23-24)

It is in his treatment of responsibility as a distinctly Christian concept that the writer of these lectures is at his best. He admits and emphasizes that "The authentic Christian attitude is not simple but complex and paradoxical."

The last two of these lectures seek to elucidate this paradox. Every priest in his ministry to souls, either in the confessional or as a counsellor, should read this book.

In closing let me give one more quotation "Perhaps the upshot of our inquiry may be expressed most tersely in this way. For our juristic moralist, the notion of strictly individual responsibility is dominant and final. For our psychologist, it is a delusion often mischievous. For our Christian thinker, it has a vital place but not the supreme place; it bulks largest at the middle rather than at the highest levels of human experience. It is not in law but in grace that he finds his master-concept, a grace which dwarfs all calculations of individual merit and demerit, and which, to the mere moralist as or old to the Gentiles, inevitably seems foolishness." (p. 62)

**Suggested Uses for THE PARISH EUCHARIST.** Prepared by the laity and clergy of the Associated Parishes, Inc. Drawings courtesy Channing S. Smith. (Associated Parishes, Inc., Madison, Wisconsin) pp.23 Paper. 35c

**Suggested Uses for CHRISTIAN INITIATION.** Drawings courtesy Sister Marianne Nordstrom, Order of St. Birgitta, of the Church of Sweden. (1953) pp.16. Paper 50c  
**Suggested Uses for CHRISTIAN BURIAL.** Drawings by Robert E. Harmon. (1955) pp. 14. Paper 35c

These three booklets are part of a series dealing with the life and work of the parishes of the Episcopal Church. They were written to be used by adult confirmation classes, discussion groups, schools of religion or for individuals. The arrangement of the material on one page under the heading "This is What We Do" and on the opposite





### SAINT HELENA'S DAY AT NEWBURGH

SISTER RACHEL AND SISTER MARIANNE CHAT WITH A FRIEND.

page under the heading "This is What We Mean," seems to me to be an excellent teaching device.

The drawings, though 'modernistic,' are for the most part understandable, except for the ones in the booklet on Christian Burial. I tried them out at community recreation and no two of us came out with the same explanation. This may be the aim of the artist; it at least stimulates discussion but doesn't lead to any conclusions.

The practical suggestions for a Christian burial are much needed today to counteract the un-Christian practices and atmosphere of most funeral parlors.

I do think that these are excellent manuals for study groups. They also could profitably be used by individuals as material for study or meditation.

### ORDER OF SAINT HELENA

In the September issue we presented a center-spread insert illustrating something of the Life and Work at the Mother House of the Order of Saint Helena. Unfortunately there was a bit of a mix-up in preparing this and it had to be rushed at the last minute. Some of the copies did not turn out very well and we had to send out a few magazines without the insert. A brand new lot of these folders has been printed and you can get more copies of it by simply dropping a card to the Convent of St. Helena, R.D. 4, Box 397, Newburgh, New York.



# The Order of The Holy Cross

—❁ AT WEST PARK ❁—

This has been the coolest summer around here for a long time and the enjoyable weather continued on into September, although with occasional thunder storms. There has been a continual stream of visitors, some just for a day, some for longer periods.

The last Sunday in August we had the pleasure of welcoming a whole bus load of parishoners from the Church of the Crucifixion in New York City. They are making this an annual pilgrimage. They arrive around noon bringing their own lunches with them (we supply coffee) which they have picnic style on the monastery lawns and drink in the natural beauties of the country far from the vibrations of Manhattan. After attending Vespers and Benediction, they embus (is there such a word?—there ought to be) and wave farewells to their monkish friends. We are always glad to see such groups. As a matter of fact, that same day another group appeared. This time it was composed of young people who had been attending a summer conference near Ossining. Brother Michael had been at the conference and brought them along—or did they bring him home? After Vespers they took themselves out by the garden pool, erected their own grill and held a barbecue.

One morning a delegation of young people from a Russian Orthodox camp up in the Catskills arrived for Lauds and Mass, made a tour of the grounds and buildings and showed eager interest in our type of Western Monasticism. The previous Sunday the Father Superior and a few of our household (including Festus Halay, our African student) had attended the laying of the corner stone of the chapel of this Russian Orthodox camp.

Both the Superior and the Assistant Superior (Frs. Kroll and Turkington) took part in the Conference on Vocations to the Religious Life which was held at the Saint Helena Convent, Newburgh, at the beginning of September. On Labor Day the whole

conference moved up to West Park. Father Whittemore gave a meditation address in the chapel and all stayed through Vespers.

Father Superior then tried valiantly to catch up on his work before starting off for the rest of the month to make visitations at St. Andrew's School, Tenn., and Margaret Hall School, Versailles, Ky. We hope to see him back early in October, but he will soon be off again as he is to conduct a School of Prayer for the Diocese of Rochester for two weeks, beginning on the 7th.

Father Turkington is going educational on us these days. He has been appointed to a committee of the Education Department of the National Council and took part in their meetings at Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 10-12. Just to keep in form he will also take part in an Education Forum to be held at St. Luke's Chapel, New York City, on October 27th. He conducted a weekend retreat at Bernardsville, N. J., late in September and is to conduct another at the Deaconess House, Sycamore, Ill., October 9-11.

Father Atkinson had the good fortune to be given an appointment at a seaside summer resort over Labor Day weekend and got a good sunburn as a result. He preached in the Church of the Advent, Cape May, N. J., a two Eucharists in the morning of the 2nd and that night preached at a community service which was held in the large pier auditorium. As it rained hard early in the evening Father says they had water above and below. Since he could not leave Cape May by train till the afternoon, a friend took him swimming and that is when he got too much solar radiation. Father Atkinson conducted the annual Priests' Retreat here at Holy Cross September 11-13. In October he is scheduled to conduct another priests' retreat at Fergus, Ontario, Canada, and he will be attending the annual conference of the American Leprosy Missions, Inc., in New York City on the 17th and 18th.

Father Hawkins conducted a Quiet Da



at Copake Falls, N. Y., on September 29th. He is to give a retreat at the Childs Hospital in Albany, N. Y., on the 20th of October. For a while he will be back at his old job in the bursary during the absence of Brother Bursar George.

Fr. Adams returned with glowing reports of the fine lectures given at the annual Theology Conference, held at Adelynrood, Mass. This year the subject was Punishment, Love and Justice. On the 15th Fr. Adams took part in the conference of the Society of St. Dismas which studies the part played by the Church in prison work. Since Fr. Adams makes weekly pilgrimages to Sing-Sing Prison as Episcopal chaplain, this was of special interest to him. During September Fr. Adams conducted the annual Seminarists' Retreat here at the monastery; attended the annual conference of the Society of St. Stephen for Deaconesses at New Haven, Conn.; and, in his capacity as cellarer, peeled and 'did down' more tomatoes than I have ever seen before in one place! During the second week of October Fr. Adams will conduct a parochial mission in Weirton, West Virginia, and then heads west for Denver.

It was good to see Fr. Bicknell back early in September as he had been away for most of the summer as chaplain at Spofford, N. H. We are also looking forward to seeing Fr. Terry in our midst ere long. He got away to England before we were able to get a list of his appointments, but we do know that he and Fr. Bicknell are going to be together for two missions: one at St. Joseph's, Queen's Village, N. Y.; the other at Christ Church, Media, Pa. Seems strange to us that Fr. Terry should go to Queen's Village right after his return from England. Could it be his penchant for royalty? Fr. Bicknell will also conduct a School of Prayer at Dunkirk, N. Y., October 6 to 12.

During September Fr. Gill preached at St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, and conducted a seminarists' retreat at the House of the Redeemer in New York City. On October 4th he sets sail for Africa.

Another of our Bolahun staff who will be returning there soon is Fr. Doctor Smyth. He sails on October 11th. But before going

east, he made something of a grand tour of the west. We do not have his exact itinerary, but he gave illustrated addresses and sermons on the African work in Colorado and California, and he was able to pay a short call at the world-famous leprosarium at Carville, La. This contact with Carville will be invaluable to him in connection with his own leper work at our Liberian Mission. Unfortunately he has to sail before the American Leprosy Missions conference in New York, but he plans to take in a conference which will be held in Liberia next year by the renowned authority, Dr. Cochrane.

Festus Halay, our pre-med Liberian student, entered the University of Bridgeport, September 11th, and we are wondering what he thinks of it all. When a little booklet came to him describing the details of "Freshman Week" he came face to face with an entirely different kind of English from that which he had been taught in Bolahun. Such interesting words and phrases as "hep," "beany" and "pep rally" were just not in his vocabulary! However, Brother Stephen, one of the Novices who has been coaching Festus in German, says that, if he does as well in his other subjects as he does in German, Festus will not have any trouble. We ask all our readers to keep praying for him.



FATHER BESSOM and FESTUS HALAY

## We'uns

When most of the brethren were home for the Long Retreat and Chapter, we tried to get a good "snap" of us altogether, but were not very successful. However, such as it is, here is our . . .

"FAMILY PORTRAIT!"



FRONT ROW (l to r): Fr. Bessom, Fr. Kroll, (Superior), Fr. Hawkins, Fr. Harrison (in black cloak), Fr. Whitall, Br. George, Fr. Gunn.

SECOND ROW: Fr. Gill, Fr. Bicknell, Fr. Harris, Fr. Whittemore, Br. Dominic, Fr. Turkington (Assistant Superior), Fr. Parker.

BACK ROW: Fr. Atkinson, Fr. Stevens, Fr. Baldwin, Br. Michael, Fr. Adams, Fr. Terry.

Fr. Baldwin is stationed at Mt. Calvary; Frs. Gunn (Prior), Bessom, Stevens, and Br. Dominic at St. Andrews; Fr. Gill at Bolahun; all the rest at West Park.

THOSE ABSENT: Fr. Parsell (Prior), Bishop Campbell and Fr. Taylor at Bolahun; Frs. Spencer (Prior), Tiedemann and Packard at Mt. Calvary.



## An Ordo of Worship and Intercession - October - November 1956

- 16 *Tuesday* G Mass of Trinity xx—for the sick and suffering
  - 17 *St. Etheldreda* V Simple W gl—for the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity
  - 18 *St. Luke* Evangelist Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for all Church hospitals
  - 19 *Friday* G Mass of Trinity xx—for Mount Calvary Priory
  - 20 *Of St. Mary* Simple W gl pref BVM (Veneration)—for world peace
  - 21 21st Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) *St. Hilarion* Ab cr pref of Trinity—for all penitents
  - 22 *Monday* G Mass of Trinity xxi—for the Confraternity of the Love of God
  - 23 *Tuesday* G Mass of Trinity xxi—for the Seminarists Associate
  - 24 *St. Raphael* Archangel Gr Double W gl cr—for the blind and all travelers
  - 25 *Thursday* G Mass of Trinity xxi—for all librarians
  - 26 *Friday* G Mass of Trinity xxi—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life
  - 27 Vigil of SS. Simon and Jude—for all ordinands
  - 28 Christ the King Double I Cl W gl col 2) Trinity xxii cr prop pref—for the Servants of Christ the King
  - 29 SS. Simon and Jude App Double II Cl R gl col 2) Martyrs of Uganda cr pref of Apostles—for African bishops
  - 30 *Tuesday* G Mass of Trinity xxii—for those in the armed forces
  - 31 Vigil of All Saints V—for All Saints Sisters of the Poor
- November 1 All Saints Double I Cl W gl cr prop pref through Octave unless otherwise directed—in thanksgiving for the life and work of all the saints
- 2 All Souls B Masses of Requiem seq prop pref—for the faithful departed
  - 3 *Within the Octave* Semidouble W gl cr—for greater devotion to the Holy Souls
  - 4 23rd Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) All Saints 3) *St. Charles Borromeo* BC cr pref of Trinity—for our country
  - 5 *St. Elizabeth* Mother SJB Double W gl col 2) All Saints cr—for the Sisters of St. Anne
  - 6 *Within the Octave* Semidouble W gl cr—for the Guild of All Souls
  - 7 *Within the Octave* Semidouble W gl cr—for the Priests Associate
  - 8 Octave of All Saints Gr Double W gl cr—for all parishes under this dedication
  - 9 *Friday* G Mass of Trinity xxiii—for all who mourn
  - 10 *Of St. Mary* Simple W gl pref BVM (Veneration)—for the Community of St. Mary
  - 11 24th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) *St. Martin* BC cr pref of Trinity—for those who serve the sick
  - 12 *Monday* G Mass of Trinity xxiv—for the Oblates of Mount Calvary
  - 13 *Tuesday* G Mass of Trinity xxiv—for invalids
  - 14 Bestowal of the Episcopate Gr Double W gl cr—for the American Church Union
  - 15 *St. Albert* BCD Double W gl cr—for theologians
  - 16 *St. Edmund Rich* BC Double W gl—for the House of Bishops

NOTE: on the days indicated in *italics* ordinary votive or requiem Masses may be said On Commemorations of Saints (marked Simple) Mass may be of the Saint or of the feria with commemoration of the Saint.

## . . . Press Notes . . .

These notes were written just after the Labor Day holiday—and it *was* a holiday. No work that day (which seems to be the correct interpretation of the day). So I hied myself down to the Fishkill creek and spent most of the day in my little boat fishing. And what a day for luck! The warm, dry weather of so long had made catches few and far between. But a day or so of rain and a drop in the temperature made a difference, so that my stringer was more than filled when it was time to stop. That one catch made up for all the disappointing days gone by. I hope you all had such an enjoyable holiday.

Then it was back to the desk after that, and start in on the various things piled up on the desk . . . printer's galley for the reprint of Dr. Yerkes' article on Communion; revision of our book "An American Cloister;" the stack of mail for several days, with all the new orders, subscriptions, and the numerous changes of address for the magazine, et cetera, et cetera, (as the king said in "The King and I").

It is something of a puzzle to make up a booklet from the type for an article from the Magazine. (We keep the cost of books down by using the same type.) But to get it to look just right requires a lot of figuring of space and lines. It finally all works out and the lines fall into place and one has that feeling of pleasure that comes when the last piece falls into place in a jig-saw puzzle.

A number of requests have come in for a reprint of the article of Dr. Yerkes, "Why Cannot An Episcopal Priest Invite Every-

bady To Communion?" I mentioned above that I was working on it. The title will be different, as it was too cumbersome for a booklet. We are calling it "Why Close Communion." With no punctuation mark! It can be taken as a question or a statement according to the individual's thought on the subject. We feel this booklet will be a great help in explaining our Church's position on Communion.

Another book is in preparation. "Prayers and Prayer Groups" by Constance Garrett of St. Martin's House, Bernardsville, New Jersey. This should be ready about October fifteenth.

On a recent renewal slip was a remark that the subscriber thinks she is the longest subscriber. Her subscription goes way back! Unfortunately we do not keep a continuous record of dates of subscriptions so I cannot tell just who or how many date back to the early days of the Magazine. I do know this one is just about at the start. This interests me and I would like to hear from those who have been taking the Magazine since "way back when." I know that we shall receive some very interesting information and comments. So please, you who have been taking the Magazine for years, let me know the dates and any other information you care to give. I will be expecting many letters.

And don't forget that Christmas is coming and you should give your friends a gift with spiritual value—The Holy Cross Magazine. Start early—no shopping is needed—just send us a letter.





# November, 1956

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## OUR LADY

ST. KATHARINE (with wheel) AND ST. BARBARA

ST. KATHARINE'S DAY IS NOVEMBER 25TH

It was on this Feast in 1884 that Father Huntington, Founder O.H.C. took his Life Vows



# The Holy Cross Magazine

November



1956

## The Topsy-Turvy Kingdom

BY MERLE G. WALKER

The Old Testament prophets' visions of the coming of God's kingdom are a series of curious paradoxes and apparent contradictions. In the moment when salvation draws nigh, they say everything is to be turned upside down. The crooked is to be made straight. The mountains are to be brought low. The valleys are to be exalted. The King's broad highway is to be made on the inaccessible mountain peaks. The rose is to blossom, not in the garden, but in the desert. Streams of water are to break forth in waste places. The darkness shall be noonday, and the sparks from the fires men have lighted shall illumine no more. The picture is of a complete upheaval, a total revolution in which the very dimensions themselves are to be reversed so that what was high is to be low, and what was right is left, what was up is down, and what was crooked is straight.

For the sin from which man was to be saved was no surface stain upon an otherwise lovely nature. The Fall had been an utter and complete violation of every natural and supernatural, ever personal and universal law. In opposition to the kingdom of Heaven,

sin had erected the kingdoms of this world, with a pervasive bias, an overall distortion toward self. These kingdoms were not merely a little askew. They were altogether off-center, in an ultimate way that changed the very position of high and low, of true and false, of good and evil. The cosmology of these man-made kingdoms was as false to the nature of the eternal spiritual universe as the Ptolemaic system was found to be false to the nature of the physical universe, and in the same way: Man—earth—was at the dead center, with everything, even Heaven, revolving around him. This one basic error threw everything else out of proportion, so that heaven and earth, God and man were seen and understood within an error so universal that all was beheld awry. All man's spiritual measurements were "off;" things were judged of equal value that were not so. More and less, great and small, strong and weak, valuable and trivial, all were evaluated with no allowance for the hideous margin of error that came from weighing things with the balanceweight of self. Man's spiritual geography was also "off," for the distance to

Heaven was computed standing upon earth as the point of reference, and hell was little more than the area of unsatisfied desires and frustrated greeds. The kingdoms of this world, produced and ordered by original sin, were the kingdoms of true relativity, where the eye could not perceive its own invariant error, nor the sense of equilibrium make allowance for the falsity of its pre-convinced directions. The very frame of reference, the very instruments of measurement, the very standards of judgment—all were the work of self and led merely to more and more refined accounts of the expansiveness or limitation of the self.

For this situation the remedy could be nothing less than a cataclysm. The Fall had turned everything over; redemption had to turn it back. Nothing else would do. The world could not just be stretched a bit to fit the dimensions of the Kingdom. Everything had to be turned upside down, inside out and hinderpart before. All of the original material—even the offending human material—would be used, because God had made it and it was holy, but when the redemptive process was over and the kingdoms of this world became the Kingdom of God and of His Christ, well, it would hardly be recognizable as the same old world. The bottom would be on top; what had seemed to be the center would be lying peaceably on the circumference; the simple, neglected things would shine with glory and much that glittered and shone would somehow have got swept out with the trash. The first would be last; the least would be greatest, and the new citizen of the new Jerusalem would have set about learning his spiritual multiplication tables and his heavenly geography all over again. The process would have its unpleasant side: conversion would *feel* at times less like the peace of God than like being head over heels. There would undoubtedly be an occasional spinning sensation in the ears, and many a period when the "new creature" would get his directions mixed. But there was to be no other way. Better adjustment to *this* world would not do. It had to be a new heaven and a new earth. On this, the prophets are unanimously agreed.

When the Prince of Peace came to fulfill the vision of the prophets it was so they foresaw, to turn the world upside down. The peace He brought was neither a comfortable complacency nor a gradual adjustment, but a total revolution. From the slants and perspectives of this world, His gift would always seem, as He said, not peace, but a sword. The first step in redemption was to be the defeat of natural expectations. His forerunner was conceived in the sterile womb of a woman long past the age of child-bearing, and He would receive His own flesh from a virgin who had never known a man. The first act of praise offered for Him repeated all the paradoxes of the prophets: the mighty were to be put down and the humble and meek exalted. The hungry were to be filled and the rich sent empty away. He began His lordship over the new kingdom against an enemy alien in Egypt, and prepared to build the new Jerusalem by learning the seemingly irrelevant motions of plane and lathe and hammer in a carpenter's shop in a town from which, it was thought, no good thing could come. When He was tempted by the Prince of this world, who was a master of the successful methods of all earthly kingdoms, He rejected all that was plausible and expedient, and denounced every scheme that "worked" in the world of relativity to sell. The appeal to material security, the spectacular method of miracle and magic, the forever approved method of beating the kingdoms of the world at their own game—all these temptations He withstood. He gathered Himself twelve men of the most unlikely material and He told them exactly what to expect. He pulled no punches; He did not sugarcoat a single pill. They usually did not know what He was talking about, but they followed Him in a faithful, clownish way with the awkward stumbling gait that comes of picking one's direction in two worlds at once, and they got what He promised: labor, martyrdom, and eternal joy. He told them flatly that His kingdom was not of this world, but that they could inherit it if they would pay the price. The price was everything. They might have to leave husband or wife or child. They would have to leave the seat of custom with its



chance for profit-on-the-side and the fishing nets with their promise of security. They would have no permanent abode; they were to take no thought for the morrow. Worse, still, they were not to have the pleasures of feeling righteous or noble about it all. Any sacrifice they were called on to make was no more than to be expected, for the kingdom was in no sense to be earned or merited by their efforts. As they pushed ahead *against* the world they were not to be allowed the rewarding luxury of a chip on their shoulders; they were constantly and daily to forgive the world, unto seventy times seven. Nor within their own small group were they to have the satisfaction of the spiritually elite, an "inner ring." When they fell quarreling among themselves as to who was to sit in the chosen place, or when St. Peter became over-curious about St. John's vocation, they were rebuked with a loving sternness that convinced them of sin. Their very definition of happiness was to be completely renovated. In the Beatitudes He showed them that the truly happy—the "blessed"—were precisely those whom the world pitied and snubbed: the poor; the meek; the fanatics with their wild, consuming hunger and thirst after righteousness; the peacemakers who could forget their own advantage; and, wonder of wonder, not those who powerfully made a fashionable righteousness prevail for a season, but those who were persecuted for righteousness' sake. All this, and they were not even *surprised* about it, for they had made their bargain from the beginning. "*Marvel not*, my brethern, if the world hate you." To run counter to every direction of this world's geography took away the right to feel injured if the world withheld its acclaim. Honesty and loyalty were the first requirements for sanctity. They could not serve two masters. The inheritors of the kingdom were rank traitors to the values of this world. There was no mistaking it: when the Lord of Glory became the servant of all, then up was down and down was up. When the plainest truth about man brought humility, penitence and contrition, and when high-mindedness, lofty self-respect and competitive dignity were shown to be the root of error, then the right hand became the left.

It inevitably followed, and still follows, that to the comfortably naturalized citizen of this world, the Kingdom of God is the topsyturvy kingdom. Unless we have seen it so, we have not really seen it. *The attempts of those popularizers of religion to make the Kingdom seem true to the spiritual geography and mathematics of this world are plain lies.* The Kingdom cannot be entirely domesticated or made to fit our fallen conceptions of east and west, of equal and unequal. Everything that is natural, obvious, expedient and effortless in this world is there completely reversed. *There* honesty is not the best policy, but the path to contrition and penance. Christian love brings not the kind of popularity that wins friends and influences people, but endless reparation. The love of God induces not confident living, but an increasing sense of helpless dependence upon grace and mercy. The Kingdom is the world upside down. Even its law of gravity is the opposite of this world's. Here all things, left to themselves fall downward with the drag of earth and self; there, as Dante shows in the *Paradiso*, the soul freed of sin and purged of its attachments moves spontaneously upward in its supernatural direction to God. Here competition and struggle for survival are the law of growth and change; there self-sacrifice and complete poverty of spirit are the coin for the purchase of eternal joy. Here the law of supply and demand dictates that what one has the other has not and that luxuries are those things denied to the many. But there the priceless things are free; the more they are had, the more there is for all, and the more one gives away the more one possesses.

The whole economy of the two kingdoms is worlds apart. In this world reward is supposed to follow upon merit, and even the poor must be proved "deserving." Centuries of evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, it is still fondly believed that men lift themselves to honor by their own bootstraps and that pre-eminence is a *de facto* evidence of just dessert. It is becoming a bit difficult to preserve the myth in the light of the positive rash of dictators, bosses, and demagogues that have broken out as a result of the legend of the self-made man. But by and large,

since the kingdom's dictum of authority and vocation has been thrown away, the myth is pretty tough and healthy still. The great democratic tradition is still the glorification of the Horatio Alger hero: Virtue is always rewarded; there is always room at the top. A man should get what he earns with the proper dividends for old age and with a suitable memorial at his death. The economy of the kingdom is otherwise. The sense of desert is the first thing to go, for our Lord came precisely to outdate the merit system. Wilful sinners have *earned* eternal death; and their small acts of virtue are debased currency that will not pay their spiritual bills. The only treasury of merit is the passion of Christ and whatever is added by the willing, joyous sufferings of the saints is a free will offering of love, not a social security for their own souls. The love of God cannot be earned, deserved, or paid for, and as Chesterton said, the first mark of a saint is his delighted acceptance of the fact that salvation is nothing more or less for him than a "bad debt."

The "success story" of the saints is a complete reversal of the success story of the heroes of this world. From the worldly angle no one ever got less than they deserved: homelessness, chastity, and ever-deepening humility, an ever-increasing capacity for suffering and compassion—these are their personal rewards. Not peace of mind, and comfortable inner serenity, but a larger and larger ability to enter into this world's pain and desolation, a firmer intention to make reparation for it. Not the honor and respect and good will of the world for which they labor and pray and suffer, but its judgment of them as disturbers of the peace or harmless, befuddled visionaries. Now and then one of them, like St. Francis or St. Theresa, was so supremely "successful" as to receive as the highest reward the very Stigmata and to know the agony and dereliction which Our Lord felt on the cross.

So completely is this world's economy reversed in the Kingdom, that even in spiritual things there is to be no especial reward for merit. The holiness of the saint is to be measured not by his achieving in Heaven a place denied to his persecutors but in his

eternal desire that they have exactly and for eternity what he has. In the Kingdom, the "successful man" is not he who comes out ahead in the end. To every man—the same penny. The saint is only he who is first purged of the sense of just payment. The eleventh hour labor in the Kingdom, the death-bed penitent will one day win the same glory as the lifelong passion of the saint, and of his charity the saint will have it so. The elder brother has no cause to complain of the fatted calf, and St. Martha, hot from the kitchen, is denied her feeling of self-righteousness. The hardest truth of the faith for Christians to learn as they grope their way into the topsy-turvy kingdom is that when they have done *all*—spoken with the tongues of angels, given their bodies to be burned, left husband or wife, or career, and followed with sacrifice and faith—then, even then, they are unprofitable servants. Then, even, then, salvation and eternal joy are an unearned gift. The economy of God is His own free largesse; it goes to the poor in spirit, to the empty of self, to those who have nothing, not even self-respect.

The Kingdom is not only topsy-turvy economically, it is even more peculiar socially. Looked at from the safe, worldly slant of personal congeniality and individual temperament, it is plain outlandish, a completely preposterous place. The most unconventional manners are expected of its citizens. One is asked to shatter one's circle of nice, respectable people with congenial and suitable views and enter into a real, loving fellowship with the rag and bobtail of society. Through the sacramental food of the Kingdom one is to be made blood-brother with reformed prostitutes, struggling alcoholics, people who offend all fastidiousness by the pigmentation of their skins, the odor of their bodies, the uncouthness of their manners, and the colloquialisms of their speech. One is not only to tolerate them with politeness, one is actually to love them, whatever *that* can mean when all possible allowance is made for natural affection and personal bias. One is not to maintain a chilly, impersonal good will to the prodigal son who smells still of the pigsty; one is to welcome him back into the fam-



ily with unfeigned joy, despite all that the neighbors say. One is to admit without the slightest trace of condescension, that one is closer by the blood of Christ to the Negro or the Cockney in the next pew than to all that proper company of unbaptized friends who "speak our language," share our opinions or flatter our egos. Worse still, one is to take not the highest but the *lowest* place at this feast, at which the chosen people with the proper royal invitation failed to appear, and where the guest list was finally made up of a motley crew of indiscriminate folk, the lame, the halt, the blind, not always too prepossessing, not always even clean, hastily gathered up at the last moment from the highways and hedges. These strange guests are not only to be endured, but they are to be revered and honored with the same respect, with the same awe, if you please, due to the Host Himself. Recognizing that by our sin and stuffy pride we are naturally uncongenial to His holiness and love, we are to respond to His unearned favor by growing in a Christian love for our fellow that perseveres, even as He perseveres in the very teeth of offended sensibilities, rasping temperaments and conflicting tastes. We are to accept, without patronage, the stubborn fact that conversion will change their hearts but not necessarily their manners or their grammar, and measure our own love for God by that fearful yardstick of His apostle: "Ye know that ye have passed from death to life BECAUSE YE LOVE THE BRETHREN."

Psychologically, as well as economically and socially, it is the topsy-turvy kingdom. From childhood we, of this world, have been taught an almost supreme duty of being well-adjusted. Conformity—the absence of conflict—is the mark of maturity. The ability to get along without friction with all sorts of people, to be "at home" in any group is the criterion of normalcy and the mark of emotional adulthood. In the kingdom this is called "conformity to this world" and is roundly denounced. We are told that if we are pleasing everybody and if no one ever speaks ill of us, we can be practically certain that we are not being very obviously faithful to the Kingdom. It is impossible to be loyal

to the faith and at the same time acquiesce in every passing wind of doctrine. It is impossible to grow in contrition and the joy of forgiveness and condone sin in others. It is impossible to combat injustice to the poor and oppressed and at the same time offer sops of flattery to the oppressors. When the world differs from Christ, then we shall differ from the world and the world will be prompt to label us "misfits," "abnormal," "queer." Yet, to make it doubly hard, we are not to seek eccentricity as an end or to consider any difference which divides us from our fellow-man as a mark of personal superiority, or to disparage humanity as necessarily foolish, stupid, or depraved. We are to regard all—the smug, the supercilious, the sophisticated, as well as the poor devil whose sins are carnal—as potential saints for whom Christ died. Our divergences from this world are to be a cause for sorrow, prayer and reparation, not for complacency. These are to be no heroics, no "stain-glass attitudes," no martyrish looks. Our feelings of persecution, even where justified, are to be always kept to scale by an honest confession, and our seeming spiritual accomplishments can be deflated by a quick look at the crucifix. It is a difficult and uninviting path, where easy conformity to the world convicts us of sloth and faithlessness, and high-minded suffering convicts us of pride. Quite a picnic for the psychiatrist!

- II -

Thus economically, socially, psychologically, the Kingdom is a world of its own, producing sanctity in its citizens by the laws and measures of God, just as the customs and practices of this world produce unquestioned, temporary material success. As a matter of theology and doctrine this is all very neat. The looking-glass world where everything is reversed is a difficult thing seen through the eyes of a major prophet or an artist like Lewis Carroll. But when we step into it, with our old worldly habits still upon us, still fixed in our this-worldly attitudes of right and wrong and up and down, we are likely to feel at first merely lost. To move determinedly, with our own habitual ideas

to the right and find ourselves suddenly standing on the left is a confusing experience. As this happens over and over again in the spiritual life we begin to feel as if we were citizens, not of the Kingdom of Heaven, but of a nightmare. We make extra-special efforts at righteousness and end in complete Pharasaism. We say long prayers and engage in extraordinary mortifications and deliberate, costly sacrifices, and find that instead of increasing in awareness of the Presence of God we are floundering in a bog of self-consciousness and self-absorption. The more we try by spiritual ambition and resolute self-will to become a saint, the further we drop down into the abyss of self. Our pace is all off, and we discover, as the Red Queen said to Alice that in the looking-glass world of grace it takes all the running *you* can do to stay in the same place. While effort is always needed to keep from going backward, real progress in sanctity is in inverse proportion to spiritual ambition. The way *up* to adoration is the way down to humility. We cannot heave ourselves up to God by the lever of good works, self-imposed martyrdoms, or even hours of nervous prayer. It is when we forget ourselves and leave off running, that He finds us and we are suddenly there, in His Presence, in something like the magical way that electrons change their orbits without passing through "the space between."

It is indeed a dizzy world, even for saints. Our Lord left His followers in a precarious position. In His last night on earth, He did not ask that His followers be taken out of this world. They were to be left as the salt, as the leaven, to follow the laws of the topsyturvy kingdom within all the false geography, the mistaken mathematics and the unsound economics of the kingdom of earth, that His kingdom might come here as it is in Heaven. This meant that they were bound to become confused and distracted. Their senses and their egos would go on seeing and feeling right and left and up and down as they appeared in a fallen creation. Only the faithful will could make the necessary corrections and discount the pervasive margin of error. One does not *see* the earth as going around



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

HER FEAST IS NOVEMBER 19TH

the sun, even though one knows that it does. In weariness and exhaustion, when physical strength was used up and the faith that sees God's Kingdom as uniquely real and this world as partly mere appearance grow dim, they would sometimes wonder which world *was* illusion and which was truth. They would complain that the wicked flourished like the green bay tree, and that nothing seemed so useless against evil in high places as love. In an agony of contrition, when they struggled against natural dislikes and a hankering for approval, they would feel that the happy pagan was far closer to God than they. They would cry out like men who had no faith, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" Even the greatest saints have had their moments of doubt and carried their hot rebukes to the



very ear of Christ. St. Theresa complained bitterly of her spiritual sufferings, though she knew well enough the answer that "His Majesty" would make:

"Theresa, don't you know this is the way I treat all my friends?"

Her retort, full of that humor and honesty that is her special mark of holiness, took the full measure of the bitter discrepancy between the two Kingdoms:

"That, Lord, is why you have so few friends."

There are times for all when the gap between this world and the Kingdom works a suffering so enormous that the eye of faith is darkened, and there is only the immediacy of present pain, or the unutterable sense of loss as the doors of this world's familiar kingdoms are closed one by one. The day-long personal loneliness that follows bereavement, the tedious ache that drags on when talents are mortified in a career laid aside in obedience to a vocation from God, the bitterness of separation from loved ones who leave the faith—all these have their own vividness, and no amount of strength of spirit diminishes the hurt one whit. The soul, if it is honest enough to pretend no holiness it does not possess, will be moved at times to cry out to God with Gerard Hopkins:

Wert Thou my enemy, O Thou my friend,

How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost

Defeat, thwart me?

It is not easy, even for Saints, to receive a love that chastens rather than condones, that passes through tribulation when we desire to be comforted with sympathy, and that demands all—even spiritual consolations—that we may be stretched to receive at all. It is not easy to believe in the face of vivid and distressing evidence that the way to eternal water lies through the dry places of the spirit, that the way to possess all things forever is first to give them up, or that the way to eternal life is by day after day of a thousand little deaths.

Yes, it is all very confusing, quite topsy-turvy. But it is *we* who make it so. Either of the two kingdoms which invite our alle-

giance is perfectly clear, perfectly consistent to its own laws, perfectly knowable as concerns its own rewards. The world is perfectly simple in its wisdom and its ways. Within its own frame of reference, Dale Carnegie, business ethics, and the unwritten rules for social climbing are perfectly dependable. Our Lord said it would be so: "The children of this world are wise in their own generation" and "They shall have their reward." It is merely naive to get upset that the ways of this world are fairly successful in this world. But the laws of the kingdom are equally clear and dependable: Adoration, penitence, humility and sacrifice *do* bring union with God, without exception. The lives of the saints are unanimous witness to this eternal fact. We become confused, disgruntled and disappointed only when we are naive enough to suppose that we can make the best of both worlds without paying for either. When we hope that moving nearer to God in the Kingdom will also land us on top in this world, we defy the law of gravity of both worlds. If we suppose that supernatural charity—that tenderest but most truthful of the supernatural graces—will also make us universally popular, we are merely being absurd. When we are not content to have the joy that no man taketh from us, unless we be respected for it as well, we are mixing our worlds. When we cannot be content to believe the Faith unless the world also acknowledge us as wise, we are mixing our worlds. When we expect our sacrifices to be duly paid for with gratitude from those we love and pray for, we are mixing our worlds. When we expect God to reward our prayer with *feelings* of serenity and peace and a welter of spiritual consolations, we are mixing our worlds. The truth of the matter is that we cannot be sophisticated and Christian at the same time. If the Kingdom of Heaven is to be seen by us for what it is—a real world, a spiritual *cosmos*, with its own laws, its own legitimate expectations, its own perfect coherence—then we must step right through the looking-glass, with never a backward glance, and leave our worldly wisdom at the rim.

This, Our Lord said, means "becoming as little children." Among all the curious sym-



bold and quaint paradoxes of the prophets there is one simple, lovely picture of the topsy-turvy kingdom: the children are playing in the streets and they are at home. It is the child-like who take naturally to the New Jerusalem and those who are to belong there must become "of such." Perhaps that is why Lewis Carroll, C. S. Lewis, and George MacDonald can say some of what they know of the spiritual life only in children's books. It is the children for whom mystery and miracle and eternity are as real and as natural as the plain facts of the material world. For children there is nothing forbidding through the looking-glass or at the back of the northwind. What Mary Poppins with her umbrella showed the children "through the crack" in that timeless moment between the first and last stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve is exactly what the mystics have seen in their timeless vision of God.

These writers are far too good Christians to believe any such nonsense as the natural goodness of man or the "innocence" of childhood. Sin is there, in a child's uncontrolled bursts of anger, his selfishness with toys, his wilful fondness for his own ways, and nobody knew better than Mary Poppins how to deal with "bad Thursdays." But *sophisticated* sin is not there: the long-plotted ulterior motive posing as prudence is not there; the cautious use of people for his own ends under pretense of friendship is not there. Open jealousy may be there, a shadow of the fierce need to be loved, but the perversion of natural affection to contrived advantage is not there. Possessiveness toward a loved parent or teacher or friend may be there, but hardly the miscellaneous accumulation of loves for the sheer thrill of popularity. The child has the bias of fallen humanity toward self, but not, thank God, the cool, deliberate wisdom of this world, and it is this wisdom that must be utterly unlearned before one can even enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The prophets put the children in the streets of the New Jerusalem and Our Lord set them in the midst of the disciples as an example, not of holiness, but of unworldliness. Children are not sanctified, but they are teachable. The child-like who have looked into the freakish mirrors

at a fair and seen every feature stretched and pulled to the last limit of its native imperfection, yet caught with delighted merriment the persistent resemblance to self that makes the whole joke irresistible, can learn to see itself in the mirror of Christ without affront to pride. It is the children who can accept the enormous wealth of love poured out upon them in contented dependence, without worrying about whether they deserve it, or trying to pay it back. It is the children who can quarrel in the morning yet rush together in the afternoon, all snubs and injuries forgotten in the pure joy of comradeship. It is the children who labor tirelessly at lumps of clay, who pile rock upon rock, or dig in stubborn dirt, not for the self-righteous sense of "something to show for it," but for the sheer joy of doing, and whose work and play are so indistinguishable as to have alike something of the quality of adoration. And it is the child, before his parents have taught him all the proper distinctions, who wants to invite *everybody*—the laundress's black boy, the little daughter of the Jew who keeps the corner delicatessen, the millionaire's child—their birthday party and who really knows what the King's feast is supposed to be like.

It is the child, too, with his quick wonder and ready surprise, for whom the world is new and fresh and infinitely various, who glimpses what the Incarnate Child was born to reveal: that the two worlds were not made to be separate and that they can be reconciled. Despite all the spoiling and wreckage, the hideous perversions to self, despite all the twisted directions to which man's shrewd sophistication have reduced it, "there lives the dearest freshness deep down things," and the child continually discovers it. As he learns colors and shapes and the manifold names of different objects—plant and animal, art and stone—he is close to the great primeval truth: Because it was originally made and even now kept by the cherishing of Almighty Love, this spinning world still bears the traces and reflects the image of that delight which its Maker knew on "the seventh day." The Child born in a stable came to turn upside down, to wring it wrong side out, but not to destroy it. He used water and lig-

as images of Himself. He taught the Father's providence in the fall of the sparrow. He revealed the glory of God in the face of man, and set forth the mystery of the Ascension by disappearing into the physical sky. Of worldliness He makes short shrift, but He so loved the world—to the very Cross.

If we wish to know something of what Our Lord thinks of this world that He brings before His stern judgment, we might find out by looking in a child's treasure box. That is the truth of the beloved story that is fast becoming a tradition of our Christmas season—*The Littlest Angel*. For what the child really treasures is true both to the values of the topsy-turvy kingdom and to that "freshness deep down things" that is the world's unfailing link with God. You will not find in a child's hoardings the things that bring advantage or establish his superiority over his fellows. Somewhere he may keep on a stand or in a drawer the doll that is too "valuable" to play with, and is the envy of his friends. But in that box, stuffed back in some untidy place where it is safe from the eyes of adults and the frantic, competitive housekeeping efforts of his Momma are his real treasures. Here are all the things chosen from the only two motives that will stand the searching light of eternity: because they are beautiful in themselves, or because they are associated with something or someone he loves. The shiny button with the stone is no less lovely because the jacket it adorned is long since worn out. The smooth round pebble from the brook is pleasing in itself though it was never of any use. The chewed dog collar is a memorial of the one absolutely faithful love, and all the little damaged things, carefully preserved because "you gave them to me" shows his dawning perception of the intrinsic value of every created thing.

When we are made by the laws of the topsy-turvy kingdom and the love of the King into such childlikeness that we once more dare to love beauty and wonder above usefulness and advantage; when we can love men for what they are in the unique holiness of each individual personality and not for what they are "to us" then we shall be free of the squint of self-centeredness and see both this world and the next for what they really are. We then shall taste and relish the "cream of the jest." For neither God's original creation nor the Kingdom of Heaven is really the topsy-turvy Kingdom to any but sophisticated eyes. It is the illusory world that man has made and projected upon the natural scene that is really "the cock-eyed world"—temporary, perishable and false. Tough and vivid as it may seem to the eye of cold prudence, it is an insubstantial pageant, perishable as sin. Logical and coherent as it may appear in those dark moments when it defeats our love and will, it is as temporary as error. Strong as it may show itself when it brings pain and sorrow to those we love, it is yet so weak that it cannot produce one single lasting happiness or motivate one faithful act of love. However plausible it may be to our fallen vision, it is but the shadow between two substances—God's created natural world, and the uncreated kingdom of the Presence of God. It reflects neither accurately; it reflects only the sin of man. When man himself is redeemed by the grace of God he shall see the natural world with the eyes of the child and rejoice in the flight of the bird, the slant of light and the glory of man in the image of God. And after so long a time in the way of purgation and penitence and love he shall also see the other kingdom, no more as the topsy-turvy land, but simply and sincerely as the realm of things as they are, and were, and ever shall be, where all things are at home—and right side up again.



# A Survey History of Prayers For The Departed and The Requiem Mass

BY ROBERT ZELL, O.M.C.

THE Christian Religion is a great Fellowship which compasses all those members of the Church on earth and those faithful who have passed to the life beyond. Few Christians at the time of death are in such a degree of sanctity that their souls immediately go to the full glory of heaven. But we can listen with profit to what the modern English Jesuit writer says in this respect: "There is no warrant for the pessimism wherewith so many Catholics seem to regard death. Many speak and behave as if they thought that nobody but a great saint has any chance of going to heaven except through purgatory . . . What I am doubting is the assumption (for it is no more) that these (who do go to purgatory) are the souls of Catholics who, before dying, receive the sacrament of extreme unction in really proper dispositions. It seems to me that we have ample reasons for disbelieving that such Catholics (and they are a goodly proportion of practicing Catholics) ever go to purgatory at all. It is much more probably that they leap, so to speak, out of their death-beds straight into their thrones in heaven."<sup>1</sup>

While not going into the question of those who receive the Last Rites in a proper disposition (Priestly Absolution, Holy Communion and Holy Unction) and who we may, perhaps, believe go straight to God on their death, it is nevertheless the teaching of the Catholic Church that there is an intermediate state (which has nothing to do with space and time) where the souls of the faithful grow in holiness until God sees fit, in His great unmerited mercy, to admit them into His glorious Presence.<sup>2</sup>

We can plead the merits of Christ's Sacrifice in the Holy Mass on behalf of all the faithful departed. This thought, which will be developed at greater length, is strikingly

brought out by Father Lionel Thornton, C.R., in his recent book "Christ and The Church," in which he says: "The faithful departed are members of Christ; and so, although 'absent from the body,' they are 'present with the Lord' in his Body. However changed their situation may be, their life is still one of identification with their Saviour in his sacrificial humanity. In the eucharistic memorial of his sacrifice we appropriately remember them in our prayers precisely because they are redeemed sinners in whom the effects of that sacrifice are still operative."<sup>3</sup>

It has, then, always been the teaching of the Catholic Church that the souls in the Intermediate State can benefit by the prayers of the living, just as much as those on earth can benefit by each other's prayers. This is the meaning of the Fellowship of the Church and the "Communion of Saints." The Mystical Body of Christ, the new Israel, the Catholic Church, can and should and does intercede on behalf of her faithful members who have died.

The conception and practice of praying for the dead was not something strange to the New Israel. Rather, as with so many elements of the Christian Dispensation, this pious custom was inherited from orthodox Judaism, the Old Israel; though prayers for the dead were a rather late introduction into their religious practices. The Second Book of Maccabees contains a firm belief in the restoration of life after death. In fact, Judas Maccabaeus offers prayers and has expiatory sacrifices in the Temple at Jerusalem for some of his men killed in battle, who were found to be wearing heathen amulets under their shirts. The author of that Apocryphal Book makes the comment that Judas here did well, having regard to their resurrection



In chapter 12, verse 44, we read: "For if he were not expecting that they that had fallen would rise again, it were superfluous and idle to pray for the dead" (Revised Version).

The practice of Judas gives us the clue to the thought prevailing in orthodox circles in the period of the second century before Christ. In all probability our Lord grew up in an atmosphere where prayers for the departed were a recognized part of daily worship.

There is another fact to be mentioned in regard to the Jewish background. In the Synagogue worship of the Jews there were a series of prayers, known as the "Eighteen Benedictions," which had a place also in the Temple worship. There were various forms of these Benedictions, the major ones being those used in Babylonia and those in Palestine. The ancient Palestinian form for the second of the Benedictions goes as follows:

"Thou art mighty for ever, Thou sustainest the Living, and givest life to the dead. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who makest the dead to live."

Just in passing, we can see the similarity in thought to the phrase St. Paul used in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians (1:9): "That was to make us rely not on ourselves but on God who raises the dead".

Another idea in the background of Christian thought is that of the merits of certain holy people in Old Testament history, whose merits were thought applicable to the living and the dead.

The Jewish Rabbis had developed the doctrine that the merits of the Old Testament Fathers, by their singular obedience to God and His Law (as written in the first five books of the Bible) benefited not merely the person who by his obedience had acquired them, but also his contemporaries; and also, since there was a real solidarity of all members of the Community of Israel both past, present and to come, their merits would avail for those who preceded them and those who would follow them in this world and in the world to come. The idea that the good deeds of the pious are stored up in heaven as treasures is found in certain writings that never formed a part of the Sacred Scriptures, such as the Second Book of Baruch and the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs.

Most prominent in the doctrine are the merits of the Fathers, especially of the three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Their merits are thought of as atoning or forgiving the sins of man, or affecting their reconciliation. So in Second Maccabees we have the thought of the merits of the righteous Eleazar and his seven sons atoning for Israel as a whole. For example, we can take the following passage: "I, like my brothers, give up body and soul for our fathers' laws calling on God to show favour to our nation soon . . . and to let the Almighty's wrath, justly fallen on the whole of our nation, end in me and my brothers."<sup>4</sup>

The newly discovered "Dead Sea Scrolls," although shedding light on other aspects of New Testament thought, have little to say about the departed in the documents so far published. According to the interpretation of Millar Burrows, the "Qumran Covenanters" (the Jewish group responsible for the Scrolls) hoped to be cleansed of all evil by the spirit of truth and to enjoy eternal felicity in the presence of God with the angelic hosts.<sup>5</sup>

In one of the Scrolls, called the "Manual of Discipline," we learn that these Jews believed that the wicked were eternally cursed to suffer in the darkness of eternal fire. But the righteous were promised eternal peace, eternal light, eternal truth and eternal glory, which are thoughts and expressions that appear in later Christian prayers for the dead.

The "Thanksgiving Psalms" of the Scrolls imply that the souls of the righteous will dwell in God's presence and that of the angels. The friends of God will enjoy his presence forever. The reading of some of these Psalms goes as follows: "I know that there is hope for him whom thou hast formed from the dust for an eternal company." Again, "Thou has cast for man an eternal lot with the spirits of knowledge, to praise thy name together in joyful song and to recount thy wonders in the presence of all thy works."<sup>6</sup>

The New Testament on the whole does not have much to say about prayers for the dead. The most probable reason for this is that the early Church expected the immediate coming

of the Risen Christ to establish his kingdom. Even though a number of Christians died, the Church expected them to be raised from the dead upon return of the Messiah. Indeed, it was the firm belief that those "fallen asleep" would be in no way inferior to the living in the Kingdom of God restored to earth by Christ. That is the meaning of St. Paul's words: "For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, shall not precede those who have fallen asleep."<sup>7</sup>

There are certain New Testament passages which imply that the departed can be helped. For instance, our Lord is recorded as saying that "whoever says a word against the Son of man will be forgiven; but whoever speaks against the Holy Spirit will not be forgiven, either in this age or in the age to come."<sup>8</sup> From this passage we can gather that there is evidently the possibility for some persons' sins to be forgiven in the world to come, which means those departed.

Further, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians St. Paul tells of the strange practice of "being baptized on behalf of the dead."<sup>9</sup> This practice was soon discarded by the early Church, but curiously is used today by the Mormons. The point is that the very fact that such baptism for the dead existed (whether St. Paul approved or disapproved is not the problem) demonstrates that there was a belief in the efficacy of works (in this case Baptism) helping the departed.

The question whether or not Onesiphorus was dead and St. Paul prayed for him is undecided. The passage in question reads: "May the Lord grant him to find mercy from the Lord on that Day."<sup>10</sup> We cannot tell whether St. Paul explicitly prayed for the dead or not. But, if we take into consideration the Rabbinic background of St. Paul's thoughts, it would not be surprising in the least if he did offer prayers. We can even think of him pleading the merits of the Israelite Fathers on behalf of the dead. Considering his strong belief in the solidarity of the New Israel, such pleading would in no way detract from the uniqueness of our Lord's atoning work. Consider, among others, this passage: "For as by one man's (Adam's)

disobedience many were made sinners, so by one man's obedience (Christ's) many will be made righteous."<sup>11</sup> In that same Epistle we can also find reference to the doctrine of merit. Thus we have this passage: "To them (the Israelites), belong the patriarchs, and of their race, according to the flesh, is the Christ."<sup>12</sup>

When we leave the New Testament we discover the examples of intercession for the departed in the early Christian inscriptions. We find that early Christians were preoccupied with requesting divine assistance at the solemn moment when the departed soul appeared before its Judge. As H. P. V. Nunn says: "What we can only regard as prayers for the dead are common as soon as inscriptions get beyond the stage where it was considered enough to write the name of the deceased on the tomb, and requests for the prayers of the departed by survivors are equally common, even where the dead person was an infant or a young child. All this was



might have gathered from the writings of the Fathers: the interest of the inscriptions is that they show us what part of their teaching left the deepest imprint on the minds of ordinary people."<sup>13</sup>

In the Roman catacombs we find examples taken from the Old Testament to illustrate God's protection of some great hero, with the hope and prayer that God would grant a fresh intervention of his powerful efficacy on behalf of the dead. Here, too, we see implied the Rabbinic doctrine of the merits of the Fathers applied to the dead.

The favorite examples recorded in the catacombs are: the symbol of Daniel; David; and numerous others. Characteristic expressions are: "Mayest thou live in peace;" "Mayest thou live in the Holy Spirit;" "May God refresh thy spirit." One inscription reads: "Blessed Sozon gave up (his soul) aged nine years. May the true Christ receive thy spirit and pray for us."<sup>14</sup>

The practice of mentioning Old Testament saints and praying for the Rest of God (as in the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter 4) shows the almost universal practice of praying for the dead. It is further evidence that there was no break between the practice of Judaism and that of Christianity in this respect. The great difference was that for the Christian the Resurrection of the Messiah showed that death was not something to be feared and dreaded, but rather that it was and is the gate to eternal life in its fullest sense in the presence of the Risen Saviour.

Some of the earliest reference to prayers

(To be continued)

for the departed come from extra-canonical and heretical Christian writings. Thus in the "Acts of St. Paul and Thecla," Queen Tryphena hears in a dream her dead daughter asking her to turn to the prayers of Thecla in order to obtain for her a place among the righteous. Tryphena then says: "Pray for my child that she may live in eternity."

In the heretical "Acts of John" this Apostle is pictured as praying on a tomb the third day after death when he celebrates "the breaking of bread," in all probability a Eucharist on behalf of the departed.

The "Passion of Pepetua" shows us this martyr imploring for her dead brother, seeking grace for him to pass from the place of misery where he was retained into a place of refreshment, satiety and joy.

#### — REFERENCES —

1. OF SACRAMENTS AND SACRIFICE pp 75-56
2. For a discussion of the intermediate state as seen in the New Testament, especially Luke 16: 19-31, see Joachim Jeremias in his THE PARABLES OF JESUS p. 129.
3. Op. cit. p. 139
4. II Maccabees 7: 37, 38.
5. See THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS
6. Op. cit. above, p 404 (Psalm VI)
7. I Thessalonians 4:15
8. St. Matthew 12:32
9. I Corinthians 15:29
10. II Timothy 1:18
11. Romans 5:19
12. Romans 9:5. For a full treatment of the idea of merit in the thought of St. Paul see PAUL AND RABBINIC JUDAISM by W. D. Davies, Esp. pp 268-273.
13. CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTION p. 16
14. Op. cit. above p 37

## The World Series: Some Reflections

BY SISTER RACHEL O.S.H.

The Executive Editor of the Holy Cross Magazine invited me to report the World Series of 1956 for his paper. I accepted the invitation with great pleasure, looking forward not only to my first attendance at the Series, but to the added interest and excitement which would be involved in seeing it from the press box. I planned everything

out carefully. I would have to take a typewriter for appearance's sake; perhaps I might even learn to type. My colleagues of the press would be far too absorbed in the game to notice. I would also need an eyeshade, would I not? And a pipe . . . perhaps not a pipe.

Incredibly enough, however, as the day



approached, my press tickets failed to arrive. I can only suppose that the Reverend Editor misdirected them. If so, I hope, in all charitableness, that whoever got them did not choke on them, but went to the games, had a good time, and rooted for the right side. I was reduced to my usual expedient for sharing in the excitement of the World Series by getting a dentist's appointment at the time of one of the games. My dentist, a right-thinking man, is a fan, and has a radio which he turns on when his patients permit. Imagine objecting!

I was also reduced to the necessity of writing about the World Series—after all, I had promised—without seeing a single pitch. It would, I suppose, be possible to write about the spiritual aspects of the contest. One could discuss the moral theology of the rhubarb, the ethics (if any), of the spit ball, and the possibilities for character building inherent in being sent to the minors, or being struck out in the ninth with two down, bases loaded, and the winning run on second.

Somehow the project lacks appeal. Baseball is baseball. It is not theology or asceticism or moral uplift. It is fun, or it is nothing.

So I shall have to write about Fun. I have heard many a fine retreat address upon Work, but I have never heard one on Play. Yet Play is an important (not the most important, certainly) element in life, and perhaps it would not be entirely profitless to spend some time thinking about it. The subject is vast, of course, and your reporter can only touch upon it at a few points.

Aristotle said, "in the intercourse of this life there is a kind of rest that is associated with games," and he gives a special word for the "virtue at games:" entrapelia, (Ethics 4:8), which means pleasantness, or humor, or wit.

Though St. Ambrose seems to feel that jesting is never suitable for clergymen (De. off. 1:23), St. Thomas Aquinas takes a different view, and makes a real place for play in the Christian life. He says it is sinful to be a spoilsport. He tells a little story about St. John the Evangelist playing at archery. Some solemn friends saw him and were shocked at such levity in an apostle. He

asked them if they could take the bow and shoot it over and over again, never unstringing it. They said they could not, for it would eventually break. "So shall we if we never unbend," was the gist of his reply. (Summa Th. 2a., 2ae., Q168.)

The Holy Scriptures abound in passages about fun. The Psalms especially are full of music and dancing. Banquets and conun drums and sport abound in the Old Testament. The Jews have never been troubled with that Puritan conscience which makes some of us uncomfortable about enjoying things, and which put such a blight upon Sunday in the early days of our nation's history. Take the lovely little picture of God the Father in Genesis 3:8 . . . "and they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Skinner in the International Critical Commentary on Genesis, says we are shown "the master who has kept his house or tent during the heat of the day and can walk abroad with comfort." Such, we are led to believe, was Yahweh's daily practice, and the man and woman have been wont to meet him with the glad confidence of innocence."

There are two references in Holy Scripture to David dancing before the ark as it came into the city. "And Chenaniah, chief of the Levites, was for song: he instructed about the song, because he was skillful." (Chronicles 15:22) Jeremiah says, "The virgin shall rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together . . ." (31:13) Such things are part of the taken-for-granted background of the Old Testament.

Rejoicing, celebrating, and playing form part of the background of the Gospel, also. Everyone will think first of our Lord and His Mother at the wedding feast, where His first miracle was to turn water into wine when the supply ran out. In the story of the Prodigal son, also, we hear of party clothes, a big feast, and the sound of music and dancing and making merry. Our Lord noticed and used as an illustration the childish games He saw, and doubtless joined, in the villages.

Let us turn now for a moment to the traditional way of life in Religious Commun

ties. It is not rare—not nearly rare enough—to find people who are astonished to discover that a Religious can see a joke, and even make one now and then.

Many delightful stories are told of St. Francis of Assisi which illustrate his wonderful gaiety, simplicity and naturalness, and the fun he had and gave his brethren in the midst of the very serious business of serving God as Friars Minor in poverty and prayer. It is told of Francis, for instance, that the love and compassion of Christ would so fill him that melodies rose up in his heart and he sang in the Gallic tongue, as he had done in his youth at the banquets with his friends. Once he seized two sticks of wood, and sawing one upon the other, as though it were a viol, sang the praises of the Lord. In order to humble Brother Masseo, he ordered him to turn round and round in the road until he fell down from dizziness. Ordering the Brother to stop, he asked him which direction his face was turned. "Towards Siena," answered Brother Masseo. "It is God's will that we go to Siena today," replied Francis, and it was there they went.

There are many stories about Brother Juniper, whom Francis loved so tenderly and appreciated with such generous understanding. Once a superior reprimanded Juniper for giving alms too generously. That night at midnight Brother Juniper appeared before the superior with a candle in one hand and a bowl of porridge and butter in the other. He said he had noticed that evening that the superior was very hoarse, and there was porridge to soothe his throat. The superior got the point quickly enough, and told him angrily to go away. Juniper replies, "The porridge is cooked and must be eaten, so you hold the candle while I do the eating." The superior was Franciscan enough to sit down and share the bowl with the Brother.

St. Teresa of Avila, reformer of the austere Order of Carmelites, composed songs and danced at recreation, as her nuns do to this day. She rebuked a sister who took such things amiss: "If such persons are of a lively disposition, you think them disso-

lute. It is very wrong to think that everyone who does not follow in your own timorous footsteps has something wrong with her." (Way of Perfection XLI) Edith Stein was a heroic German-Jewish convert who became a Carmelite in Cologne during the Hitler regime and, in reparation for her people, willingly gave up her life in the gas ovens at Auschwitz. Her background was most austere—a pious Orthodox upbringing, early philosophical studies relentlessly pursued, an agonizing conversion that nearly killed her tenacious and fiercely loving old mother, and her final decision to enter Carmel, and to offer herself to God as a sacrifice, sharing the hideous fate of her people in expiation for their unbelief. Nothing less light-hearted, less gay, less merry, can be imagined. Yet she is said to have delighted her sisters at recreation by donning a red wig over her veil and giving them a little skit; when she went to the convent to apply for admission, the only test given her was that she was asked to sing a little song for the sisters! She complied readily enough. I wonder how many of us could meet such a test gracefully!

In the Society of the Sacred Mission, an English order for men, it is the custom after lunch for each one to read the notice board, to see what he is set down for, and do it. Some are given manual work of various kinds, and some, willy-nilly, are put down to play games.

Nature herself is full of an exuberance and extravagance that is akin to play. The profusion of shapes and sounds, colours, smells, movements, transformations, elaborations suggest the joy and wealth of the Creator. The beautiful colours of butterflies, their dances in the sunny air, and their very life cycle with its surprising variety of beauty, seems to have no purpose beyond its own delicate loveliness and joy. The chrysalis of the Monarch butterfly, for instance, is a lovely turquoise blue, with tiny buttons of honey-coloured gold. Why such lavish and exquisitely finished beauty, except for sheer pleasure? Or look at the black poodle with its absurd topknot of curls, who came to call upon Alec's Dalmatian, Sheba, dur-

ing our long retreat. Sheba was mournfully looking through the screen of the back door, waiting for Alec to reappear. The poodle was intent upon play. He lowered his front section upon his chin, while his hind end remained standing, after immemorial custom of dogs who want to play, and tried to divert Sheba from her vigil. It was a most comical sight.

The created world bears the mark of its Creator. God made the world out of nothing because He wanted to share His love and His joy. It was not work to Him, making all these strange things—tigers and palm trees and ferns and mint and bluebirds and oysters and all the rest, each with its own special qualities and infinitely beautiful details. Man is made in God's image and his share in God's creation is not confined to work. We *do* share with God in creation by work, and work is for that reason a joy. Because we are fallen and the image of God is obscured in us, it is also full of pain and discipline. But work *can* be fun, just as play can be holy. We share in our Creator's holy joy by giving ourselves, at times—the right times—to pleasures. In a book written on this theme called "Be Merry" (London, Mowbray, 1925) Hopkinson says, "Mirth is a Christian duty because it is man's expression of the Divine joy . . . The Church is ever young, because she is the Eternal Bride of Christ, and not the church-warden's great-grandmother." (Quoted from "A Survey of Mystical Symbolism," p. 177, M. A. Ewer, London, S.P.C.K. 1933)

Let it be admitted that play is not always holy. Possibly even the World Series is accompanied by some lapses from virtue, both among players and spectators or even in the press box. As in all we poor humans do, we seem bound to under-do, over-do, or miss-do. So it is with play. St. Thomas says we

can sin in play: a.) by using words and acts which are discourteous, insolent, scandalous, obscene, or injurious to others; b.) by making fun at undue times or places or with the wrong persons; c.) through being burdensome to others, offering them no pleasure, and hindering their enjoyment. (2a 2ae Q168, A. 3 and 4) These simple rules really go a long way towards helping us regulate and sanctify our enjoyments and recreations.

The prophet Zechariah had a vision of Jerusalem, "The city of Truth, the mountain of the Lord of Hosts, the holy mountain." He adds, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." (Zechariah 8:5)

All this seems to suggest that our loving and generous Father really wants us to be happy, and that play and laughter, sports and fun, are wholesome ingredients in the Christian life. It seems to be true that some great saints are called to go to God by a way that is dark and flinty to the very end. There are terrible episodes, sometimes lasting many years, in the lives of almost all the saints. Yet in those same holy men and women we can nearly always see, here and there, some gleams of humour and playfulness. "Saints are not sad" is the title of a book of lives of saints, and of course it is true. They are full of joy if they are saints, and they communicate joy to others.

I do not intend to claim that the World Series is an indispensable tool in the process of sanctification—many good people have never enjoyed baseball—but such pleasures can, rightly used, have a place in helping us poor sinners along the road towards our goal. "*Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

## St. Clement of Rome

BY HOWARD SPENCER HANE

*Feast Day* — November 23rd.

St. Clement has been regarded down through the history of the Church as a Bish-

op of Rome, and according to St. Irenaeus writing in ADVERSUS HAERESIS, St. Clement was the fourth bishop of Rome.



following Ss. Peter, Linus and Anacletus. Eusebius mentions this episcopal succession in Rome also but this is only natural since he based his information on the writings of Irenaeus and a contemporary of Eusebius, Hegesippus. Thus if we are to accept this authority, the probable dates for Clement's episcopate are 92-101 A.D. In any event we can be quite certain that Clement was a bishop of Rome.

St. Paul in his epistle to the Philippians mentions a fellow-labourer in his missionary efforts named Clement. Many Christians, especially in the early days of the Church believed this Clement who was bishop of Rome to be the same man as mentioned in St. Paul's letter. There is nothing to prove this assertion, and yet there is nothing to disprove it. But it does seem that Clement was a disciple of the Apostles Peter and Paul in Rome and according to Tertullian Clement was ordained to the Sacred Ministry by St. Peter. There is an ancient rumour to which little credence can be given, which identifies Clement with the Consul Flavius Clemens, who was a cousin of the emperor Domitian. Certainly if this had been the case, both Christian and pagan communities would have been quick to observe that someone so close to the pagan emperor was also leader of the Christian community in Rome. About the most we may assume of his background is that Clement was the son of a freedman of the family of Flavia.

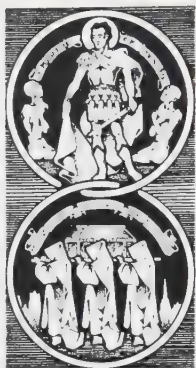
We know nothing of the national background of St. Clement, though judging by the accurate knowledge of the Bible reflected in his Epistle to the Corinthians, we might assume that he was of Jewish extraction. It is doubtful that a gentile convert at this period would have had such intimate knowledge of the Jewish scriptures. If he was a Jew, he was undoubtedly a Greek Jew who had received an excellent literary and philosophical education. We have no source of information concerning his pontificate except what can be deduced from his letter to the Corinthians which shows him as a man of authority and a good governor. We observe traits of generosity and moderation in this

letter where he makes a discreet reference to the recent persecution of Christians under Domitian, and his prayer for the emperors "our princes." By the end of the fourth century there was a strong tradition that he was a martyr for the Faith, having been exiled to the Crimea and there thrown into the sea. But there is no evidence for this other than the absence of any discovered tomb in Rome.

There exists only one authenticated writing of St. Clement, his Epistle to the Corinthians. Many others have been attributed to him but can only be regarded as spurious. This letter to the Corinthians has been known and treasured for a long time and contains 65 chapters. It was written during the aftermath of the Domitian persecution which came to an end in 95 or 96 A.D. Hence we can date this epistle about 96-98 A.D. The purpose of this letter was to restore peace to the Church at Corinth where a few agitators had driven the faithful to rebel against their priests who were above reproach and had driven them from their ministry. According to St. Dionysius of Corinth who lived about 170 A.D. this letter was well received and treasured by the community and read every Sunday in the churches.

The letter provides us with valuable information on three points: 1. the hierarchy of the Church; 2. the primacy of Rome; 3. the spiritual life.

In the second half of the epistle, chiefly in chapters 42-44, Clement expounds his teaching on the ministry of the Church, which ministry has been given its authority by our Lord and no lesser person. He makes it quite clear that the true hierarchy is a divine institution in which the laity have no part. (see ch. 40) In chapter 42 Clement tells of the actual institution of the hierarchy with great clearness. God has given all power to Jesus Christ and He has charged the Apostles with the founding of the Churches and it is they who have placed trained converts in charge of the local churches, with the title of "episcopi" and "presbyteri" with deacons to assist them in their ministrations. They have also provided for a succession in order that all possible difficulties may be avoided. New



NOVEMBER  
SHIELD

"*episcopi*" derive their authority from Christ through the Apostles. However, they must be men of good repute and therefore, the local churches are called upon to give their consent. He asserts that these successors to the Apostles bear the same authority as the Apostles themselves, consequently just as the community did not have the right to give them their authority to begin with, so also they do not have the right to remove them from an authority which comes from the Apostles and God Himself.

One interesting point to be observed in this Epistle to the Corinthians is that the function of the "*episcopus*"—bishop—aside from his missionary activity, was his responsibility for the carrying out of the Liturgy, offering of the Eucharist. The heads of the community were to be ministers of the altar and not financial administrators. These were appointed for the welfare of Christ's flock, to govern it and to be its pastors. How this original function of the episcopate has been submerged today by requiring our bishops to be business administrators to such a degree that they have little or no time to be pastors to the flock committed to their care in their diocese! Well might we wonder what St. Clement would say in a letter which he might write to a diocesan convention today!

Clement's epistle has also been regarded as presenting favourable witness to the primacy of the Roman see. In chapters 5 and 6 he recalls those "good apostles" Peter and Paul who suffered martyrdom under Nero and who gave such good example to the Ro-

mans. Certainly this is an allusion to St. Peter's residence and martyrdom in Rome. His teaching on the primacy of his Church is implicit rather than explicit. He makes no apology for his interference in the affairs of another Church, rather he apologizes for his delay, rather a neglect of duty on his part. Two quotations in this connection might be interesting:

"If there should be certain who will not hearken to the words that God has spoken to them through us, they may be assured that they are in grave sin and in great danger. We are innocent of the sin." (ch. 59)

"Indeed, you will be for us the source of great joy and happiness if, obedient to the things we have written to you in the Holy Ghost, you desist from the anger which has carried you away, in response to the call to peace and concord that we have made to you in this letter." (ch.63)

It is noteworthy that if the Corinthian Church had appealed to Rome for intervention, she had chosen to do this rather than appeal to the Bishop of Ephesus, St. John who was still living, which was the closest see to Corinth. The right to speak as the Bishop of Rome does in this letter, with authority, is not justified by a mere appeal from Corinth. On the other hand, if this letter is the result of spontaneous action by Clement, it would suggest that the Roman see was already conscious of a superior position and exceptional authority to the other Churches. And lastly, the continuing reverence with which this letter was held by the Church of Corinth suggests that she did not think Rome had exceeded her power: Rome had commanded and was obeyed, and her letter was placed on similar level to Holy Scripture.

St. Clement in this Epistle deals at length with the great Christian virtues of obedience and humility and does so with great insistence. He gives even greater attention to the reasons for virtuous living. Everything is centered in Christ.

Thus we find in St. Clement of Rome whose feast is celebrated in November the first great theological light of the Church outside the Apostolic College, one who contributed to the Church the first extra-canonical writing to be read and studied with such care and devotion by an important segment of the Church in the Apostolic Age.

# November Saints

BY A SISTER OF O.S.H.

The lives of the saints whose feasts fall in the month of November form a veritable pageant of western Christianity from its beginnings to the Counter-Reformation. About the earliest we know very little for certain. Of St. Elizabeth, the mother of St. John Baptist, whose feast we celebrate on November 5, St. Luke says merely that she was a good woman, faithful to the law of Moses, but barren until God chose her in her old age to bear the herald of the Messiah.

The feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, on November 21, refers to the tradition that Our Lady, at the age of three, was taken by her parents to the Temple in Jerusalem, to be educated there with other virgins. The story is preserved in portions of the apocryphal Gospels, which picture her as running eagerly up the steps and dancing about the altar for joy, so that "all the house of Israel loved her." Be that as it may, whatever the literal truth of the tale, it is a lovely reminder of the purity and devotion of Our Lady's life from her earliest years.

On November 30 we remember St. Andrew, the brother of St. Peter and one of Our Lord's first disciples. He was responsible for bringing St. Peter to Jesus, and is said to have preached the Gospel in Asia Minor and Greece and to have been crucified in the year 60, during the Neronian persecution.

From apostolic times until the fourth century, the Church never went very long without a persecution in some part of the Empire. One of the Roman martyrs during the second or third century was St. Cecilia. According to legend, she was a Christian virgin of noble birth, married by her parents to a pagan, whom with his brother she shortly converted. The two young men soon suffered martyrdom, and Cecilia followed them not long afterward. Her feast was being celebrated by the Roman Church in the fourth century, and in the fifth century she was held in so great veneration that a Ro-

man sacramentary of the time contains five different masses in her honor.

Another martyr of the period was Katherine of Alexandria, who is said to have been only eighteen years old when she confronted the emperor Maximinus and gave him a sound scolding for his persecution of the Christians, together with a lecture on the evil of worshipping false gods. When he called in his most learned scholars to confound her, she out-argued them and converted several; then, imprisoned, she converted the empress and the commander of the troops. She was condemned to die on the wheel, but it disintegrated at her touch, and the infuriated emperor then had her beheaded. She died about the year 310, and was one of the most popular of saints until well past the Reformation.

Within a few years after Katherine's martyrdom, the new Emperor Constantine issued his Edict of Milan, legalizing Christianity and bringing to a close the age of persecutions. The Church could now do its work in the open, and in consequence we know considerably more about many of the saints from this time on than we can about those of the earliest years.

Around the year 316, only three years after the Edict of Milan, a son was born to a pagan Roman officer stationed in what is now Hungary, and was named Martin. While he was still a child the family moved to Italy, where Martin came into contact with Christianity and became a catechumen. Forced by the law of the time to enter the army, he continued to lead a virtuous and charitable life, and one winter day occurred the famous incident of his giving half of his cloak to a beggar. That night Our Lord appeared to him, wearing the half-cloak, and this spurred Martin to receive Baptism shortly thereafter. Two years later he left the army to become a monk, and sought out St. Athanasius, from whom he learned the principles of the monastic life as it was lived



in Egypt. However, unlike the Egyptian monks, Martin was not destined to retire completely from the world. The Church was battling against Arianism on the one hand and against paganism on the other, and Martin was active on both fronts. He preached the Catholic faith in northern Italy at a time when the whole region was in Arian hands, and founded a monastery in what is now western France as a training center and base of operations for missionaries to the pagans.

In the year 371 Martin was made bishop of Tours. Although he would have preferred to refuse the office, he gave himself zealously to his new responsibility. At his death in 397 his people mourned a wise and good bishop, and the Church today remembers him also as one of the great pioneers of western monasticism. His feast is celebrated on November 11.

Even before Martin's birth, Christianity had been carried to that barbaric island to the north of Gaul known as Britain, where it made some headway among the local people. In the latter part of the fifth century, the Germanic invasions very nearly extinguished it in England; but it had already been carried on to Ireland by St. Patrick, where it took hold with amazing rapidity. For most of the next three centuries, as the Germanic tribes swarmed over Europe, Ireland was to be the land of the saints and the chief center of learning and culture in the West.

One of the strongest notes of this Celtic Christianity was its missionary zeal, and toward the end of the sixth century the monks of Ireland began to spread out all over Europe. Among the earliest was St. Columbanus, who arrived in France about 585 with several companions and began to preach among the already more or less Christian Franks. He was favored by the king of Burgundy, and people crowded to hear him. He founded a monastery on the Celtic pattern, and soon had so many aspirants that he had to start another. After some years, however, he came into conflict with some of the Frankish bishops with regard to Celtic innovations—notably the date

of Easter—and this plus a growing hostility to him at court caused him to leave Burgundy. Eventually he founded another monastery, at Bobbio in northern Italy, which was to be a stronghold of orthodoxy in the region for centuries to come. It was there that he died in the year 615. The Church keeps his feast on November 21.

Three quarters of a century after the death of St. Columbanus, another monk left Ireland for the continent. This was Willibrord, a Benedictine of Ripon monastery in the north of England, who had gone to Ireland to be trained for missionary work. Whereas Columbanus had worked among the nominally Christian Franks, Willibrord turned northward to the pagan Frisians. More than once he was in great danger, as the local inhabitants resented having their idols destroyed and their sacred places profaned; but despite this and the opposition of a powerful native prince, he gained numerous conversions and established a number of monasteries and churches. His example fired others, including St. Boniface, to join him, and much of the evangelization of this part of Europe was built on his foundation. He died on November 7, 739, at his monastery of Echternach in what is now Luxembourg.

Christianity had now spread far since the days when the Church had been a despised and persecuted sect in the old Empire; but far to the north, in Denmark and beyond, the people still remained pagan. In the ninth century, just as it seemed that the German peoples were getting fairly well settled down, the Danes began to move. Appearing by sea without warning, at first they merely looted, killed and burned along the coast, but before long they began to invade in force in some places. In 870 they reached the little kingdom of East Anglia, in England, whose ruler was a young king named Edmund. Edmund had been crowned when only fifteen years of age, but from the first he had shown himself just and wise in governing and devout in his personal life. Nothing lacking in courage, he gathered an army and managed to repulse the Danes. However, the following year they returned in greater numbers, and Edmund, realizing that batt



SAINT HUGH

would only result in a useless massacre, disbanded his troops. He himself was taken prisoner by the Danes, and after brutal torture was martyred at Hoxne in Suffolk. He is remembered on November 20.

Between the ninth and twelfth centuries, the face of Europe changed considerably. Now the Normans were masters of England, and finding Anglo-Saxon culture rather too uncouth for their taste, they looked back to their French homeland for the refinements of life. There the city of Paris was gaining fame as a center of learning, and the monastic reforms of the tenth and eleventh centuries had laid the groundwork for a revival of devotion. In 1175 King Henry II—the same whose inflammable temper had only a few years before caused the death of St. Thomas à Becket—desired to establish a house of the Carthusian order in his kingdom, and invited Hugh, an outstanding

young monk of La Grande Chartreuse, to make the foundation. Born in 1140, Hugh had entered a priory of canons, along with his widowed father, at the age of eight; but when about twenty, desiring a stricter rule, he had gone to La Grande Chartreuse. Now he was somewhat reluctant to leave it for England, but at last he consented, and succeeded in establishing the order there despite a number of obstacles.

Around 1186 he became bishop of Lincoln, which office he exercised with judgment and wisdom. In an age when bishops often held high civil offices, he maintained that a churchman should not hold secular office, and steadily refused to do so. He was held in high respect by three successive kings—Henry, Richard, and even John—and when he died in the year 1200, it is said that even the Jews wept at his funeral. Considering the ordinary Jewish-Christian rela-

tions of the period, this must have been an unusual spectacle! His feast is on November 17.

At the time of Hugh's death, a young man named Edmund Rich was studying theology at Paris, where he gave promise of becoming an excellent scholar and preacher. He led an austere and not particularly newsworthy life for some years, teaching at Oxford during a part of the time. In 1233 Henry III, possibly looking for a quiet and inoffensive person who would not seriously contest his rule, made him Archbishop of Canterbury. Unexpectedly, Edmund began to come out with strong and uncompromising statements about the rights of Church and state, justice, discipline, and such uncomfortable matters. Fortunately for Henry, Edmund's stand earned him not only the royal displeasure, but also that of the papal legate and of his own cathedral chapter and several monasteries. A visit to Rome in 1237 achieved nothing, and in 1240, refusing to countenance by silence the evils which he could not remedy, Edmund left England for the Cistercian abbey of Pontigny in France, at which he died two years later. He is remembered on November 16.

The importance of Paris as a center of study continued to grow, and in 1245 there arrived from Cologne a Dominican professor named Albert, bringing with him a young Italian student named Thomas, with whom he shared an enthusiasm for the works of Aristotle, and a belief that truth as Aristotle saw it was not contrary to Christianity. Although he has since been somewhat eclipsed by his great disciple, Albert the Great played a major part in making Aristotle respectable to Christian scholars, and thus introducing the ordered system of thought which was needed for the further and deeper working out of Christian theology. His writings, produced somehow between teaching, a term as Provincial of his order in Germany, two years as bishop of Ratisbon, and trips to Rome on one or another mission, amount to a veritable encyclopedia of natural, philosophical, and theological knowledge. He died in 1280, having survived his famous pupil by several years; his feast is on November 15.



## SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS

GREAT SPANISH MYSTIC

HIS FEAST DAY IS NOVEMBER 24TH

The thirteenth century was the high point of the pre-Reformation Church. In succeeding years decay of various kinds set in, and the sixteenth century brought the explosion of Protestantism onto the European scene. In an effort to stem the tide, some long-overdue reforms of manners and morals were instituted by the Church. One of the leaders of this Counter-Reformation was the cardinal archbishop of Milan and nephew of Pope Pius IV, St. Charles Borromeo, whose feast is celebrated on November 4. As a promising member of the powerful Medici family, Charles had early experienced the material advantages of his position. While still a child he had been made titular abbot of a monastery near his birthplace, and in 1560, just after his uncle became pope, Charles at the age of twenty-one became



pal secretary of state and administrator of the vacant archbishopric of Milan. He was given a number of other titles and functions, with attached income, so that he could well have settled down to spend the rest of his life in luxurious comfort in Rome. Instead, he went seriously at his duties, was ordained and consecrated, and in 1565 persuaded his uncle to let him visit his archbishopric, where he thereafter spent as much time as he could. He put a great deal of time and money into the reform of the archdiocese, concerning himself with the quality of the clergy, the adequacy of their salaries, the education and preaching they offered, and even the rendering of music in the churches. Some of his actions brought him into conflict with the king of Spain, who at that time ruled Milan, and on several occasions attempts were made on his life. When a poor harvest caused a local famine in 1571, Charles gave freely of his own money to provide food for the starving, and in 1576, when the plague struck the city, it was he who visited the homes and hospitals to comfort and help the suffering people. The miser clergy, who for the most part had held back in fear, were at last shamed into following his example. When he died in 1584, after an illness lasting several months, he had accomplished much toward raising the standards of the Church throughout north-Italy.

Contemporary with St. Charles was St. John of the Cross, the great Spanish mystic and pioneer with St. Teresa in the reform of the Carmelite order, whose feast falls on November 24. Born in 1542, he had been a Carmelite for several years and was cast about for a stricter rule when in 1567 he met Teresa, who was just then seeking to extend her reform to the friars as well as the nuns of Carmel. John and another friar were the "friar and a half" (an allusion to John's small stature) with which the new work began. They were soon joined by others, and for some years the reform prospered. John himself was called to Avila to be a confessor and director of the convent of the Incarnation, of which Teresa had been the prioress, and for a time the two great figures of Spanish mysticism were able to be in close contact. In 1577, though, trouble

began between the reformed, or Discalced, and the Calced Carmelites, and John was imprisoned in a monastery from which he made his escape some months later. Some of his most exquisite writings probably date from this time, when all that he had fought for seemed to be disintegrating, and he was helpless.

The separation of Calced and Discalced Carmelites in 1578 brought an end to this conflict, and for several years John occupied responsible positions in the order. But after the death of Teresa in 1582, party strife began among the Discalced, and John again fell into disfavor, even to nearly being expelled from the order he had helped to found. Disgraced and ill-treated almost to the end, he died at the monastery of Ubeda in 1591, leaving as his legacy to the Church some of the most profound of all writings on the spiritual life.

## The Monastery

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Serene  
 your holy structure appears to me  
 against the mid-afternoon sky  
 yet  
 how alive too  
 she stands ivy covered  
 and in nearby shrubs  
 the little birds twitter  
 now a bell from adjacent chapel  
 peels out her joyous welcome  
 to all pilgrims near her call

and later at Vespers  
 a melodic chant floats  
 out of the windows  
 into the evening cool with  
 the summer breeze  
 seek peace whispers the wind  
 seek peace  
 in a troubled world.

—R. RIDGELY LYTLE, III

# The Order of Saint Helena

## Newburgh Notes

Fall brought the convent an abundant harvest. It has truly been a Thanksgiving season. First, two novices were clothed in the habit of the order and began their life in the community. Another novice made her first vows and entered the ranks of the junior professed. It is a great joy to see the order growing.

The response to our annual appeal has been and continues to be so generous that we are profoundly grateful. We wish to extend our thanks to everyone who has shared in it. We were also the recipients of the proceeds of a Harvest Festival held by St. Andrews Parish, Montrose, N. Y. They brought us bushels of apples, peaches, potatoes and tomatoes; canned goods, meat, eggs and cheese; jams, jellies and pickles; a large assortment of food that is a very real contribution toward the support of our life and work.

These months have also yielded opportuni-

ties for work both within and away from the convent. Sister Josephine conducted a quiet day at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Columbia, South Carolina, and spoke to groups in Georgetown, Statesburg, and Pineville en route.

Several wives of seminarians making treats at Holy Cross Monastery made treats with us and a weekend retreat was conducted for a group from Moorestown, New Jersey.

Sisters also attended meetings of the Newburgh and New York City Guilds of St. Helena. And, of course, our regular work in parishes and with visitors to the convent continues.

Finally, we are giving thanks for the profession of Sister Mary Michael. Her vows will be received by Father Superior at a Solemn High Mass in St. George's Church in Newburgh on November 26.

## Versailles Notes

On August 31, the Versailles sisters started off on their annual trek from Newburgh back to the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, twenty hours of travel up the Hudson, along the Erie Canal and Lake Erie, and then South at Cleveland to Cincinnati, where the three hundred passengers on the Royal Palm waited an hour for eight of us on the Ohio State Limited.

In Versailles we found much of both convent and school shiny with fresh paint and flooring. The school basement is especially refreshing to see and work in. There is a red tile floor underfoot, and gray and white waterproofed walls, and all over the building the electric wires are newly routed and encased according to the safest and most modern system. The list of benefactors for whom we pray with warm gratitude includes many kinds of workmen, as well as those who made the work possible financially, and the generous members of the staff at school who continued calmly to keep house and office all through the upheaval.

The annual pre-school faculty conference was attended by a seasoned crew. Only two of us were newcomers, and we were able to take our school history and philosophy pretty much for granted, and to consider in some detail one or two specific parts of the work of the coming year. We did the basic planning for our Conference Week in January when we plan to study Africa. Part of the planning was to pre-view the *Moor's Song*, a very beautiful ballet film, with music by Purcell, which we shall certainly use some time during the year, even if we decide that Othello is not Conference Week material. On the Saturday evening, Mr. Arthur Holt, of the Frankfort Child Guidance Clinic explained to us some of the techniques of the Clinic in working with our girls.

On Registration Day we were honored by the presence of a goodly representation of the Class of 1956, still loving the school and feeling part of it. One of them, Sally Ivers, of Maysville, will be an assistant at the Bookstore, take her meals with us,



mmute to the University of Kentucky. Another graduate, Barbara Cheshire, Wellesley, 1955, is back teaching a second year. She presented to the spring alumnae meeting the suggestion that girls might well catch the military service of their young men friends with two years of teaching before embarking on other projects.

We have noticed this year a specially heartwarming concern of old girls for newcomers, each one making a personal contribution to the process of incorporating the new sister into the fellowship of the school. The girls come from near and far. In addition to the usual groups from such far-off states as Texas and Florida, we have one girl with a Syrian background, and one who has come with her family from Hungary. Hildi will be German with a classmate, under our watch-American, Miss Rose Mossell.

The first corporate offering of the Mass for the whole school took place on Holy Cross Day. The Father Superior made us a generous visit, from September 19th to 24th, and officiated at a procession for the blessing of the school. The beautiful new sacramentary was dedicated to God's service for the first time, and we were grateful to be able as a family to offer to God each classroom and office and living room in which we will live and work together in the coming year. We plan to make this blessing of the school an annual event.

On Saturday, October 6th, Father Albert Heereboer visited us, from West Bend, Wisconsin. He is a member of the Board of

Christian Education of the diocese of Milwaukee, and was interested particularly in our Christian Doctrine program. There were, alas, no classes, but plenty to hear and see, even in the absence of our seniors whose class in Ascetic Theology is usually our star exhibit, and who were away on their annual week-end. Sixteen of them, with some chaperoning mothers, appeared at Mass on Sunday at little St. John's Church, Corbin, near Cumberland Falls, and gave a fairly overwhelming witness to what they are learning about their Christian duties.

Eight of our Seniors took the qualifying test in the Merit Scholarship Program on October 24th.

Two of our sisters have had business away from Versailles this fall. Sister Jeanette went to Newburg to make her ten-day retreat, having missed the Community retreat in August on account of illness. Sister Rachel went to Atlantic City to speak on October 20th to the National Council for Religion in Independent Schools on Techniques of Religious Instruction. She was back before the arrival of Father Stevens from St. Andrew's on the 23th. Father Stevens has been appointed confessor extraordinary to the school, and will make four visits during the course of the year.

And most important of all has been the steady continuance, at convent and school, of the life of worship in our chapels, and the process, however slow, of the transforming of each of us into the likeness of our Lord. Deo gratias!

## The Order of The Holy Cross

*Fr. Superior* will be giving a mission at St. Timothy's, Catonsville, Maryland, on the 12th.

*Fr. Turkington* will conduct a retreat for members of the Diocese of Bethlehem on the 3rd and will attend a council meeting of the Department of Education of the National Council. He will also attend an Oblates conference at St. Luke's Chapel, New York on the 19th.

*Fr. Atkinson* will deliver an address at a meeting of the American Leprosy Missions,

Inc., in Washington, D.C., on the 27th.

*Fr. Bicknell* will be assisting the Fr. Superior at the mission at St. Timothy's.

*Fr. Adams* will conduct a mission at Calvary Church, Philadelphia, on the 25th.

*Fr. Terry* will give two missions this month, one at Prince of Peace Church, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the 4th, and another with Br. Michael on the 25th at Hicksville, N. Y., in Holy Trinity Church.

*Br. Michael* will deliver an address on the 1st at Christ Church, Yonkers, New York.





## ANNOUNCEMENT



The General Convention's Joint Commission on Holy Matrimony, which was directed by the 1955 Convention to "study all canonical provisions relating to Holy Matrimony, hold hearings and take testimony thereon, and report fully thereon to the General Convention of 1958," and also to "draw up a statement on Holy Matrimony in harmony with The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony in The Book of Common Prayer; that this statement include the principle of nullity and how it may be safely applied; and . . . shall be presented to the next General Convention and to the Lambeth Conference," has formulated a schedule for such "Hearings" in conjunction with the next meetings of the eight Provincial Synods.

Members of the Commission have been assigned to be present at the next meetings of the Provinces to hear the viewpoints and suggestions of those who may be interested in its task, as follows:

- Province 1 — Bishop Lawrence of Western Massachusetts; Dean Esquirol of Christ Church Cathedral, Connecticut; and the Rev. Dr. Theodore P. Ferris of Massachusetts.
- Province 2 — The Rev. Dr. Gregory Mabry of Long Island; and Mrs. William H. Hannah of Long Island.
- Province 3 — Dr. John D. Denney of Harrisburg.
- Province 4 — Bishop Carruthers of South Carolina; and the Rev. Dr. Donald Henning of Tennessee.
- Province 5 — Bishop Kirchhoffer of Indianapolis.
- Province 6 — Bishop Kirchhoffer of Indianapolis.
- Province 7 — Mr. Andrew Dilworth of West Texas.
- Province 8 — Bishop Bayne of Olympia; and Mrs. F. King Verleger of California.

The Commission hopes that many members of the Church will find it possible to take advantage of these widely separated scheduled "Hearings," but, unfortunately, with the very limited funds at its disposal, cannot make reimbursement of any travel expenses involved. Therefore, it will welcome any and all views and suggestions that may have to be submitted by correspondence, directed to any of its officers: The Rt. Rev. W. Appleton Lawrence, D.D., 37 Chestnut Street, Springfield 3, Mass., Chairman; John D. Denney, M.D., 28 South 2nd Street, Columbia, Penn., Vice-Chairman; or the Rev. Gregory Mabry, D.D., 143 Bayway Avenue, Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y., Secretary.

The second executive session of the Commission will be held, immediately following the annual meeting of the House of Bishops at Pocono Manor, Pocono, Pennsylvania, during the week of November 11 — beginning at two o'clock, Friday afternoon, November 16, and continuing through to Saturday noon.

## . . . Press Notes . . .

We have some responses to our request for data on "long time" subscribers. Mrs. W. D. Richards, (95 years old) writes of entertaining Fr. Hughson at her home when Fr. Hughson was on his way to enter the

Novitiate of the Order, and that she has not taken the Magazine ever since. THAT certainly goes "way back."

And another writes he has "memorable happy days spent under your roof—in

## An Ordo of Worship and Intercession - November - December 1956

- 16 St. Edmund Rich BC Double W gl—for the House of Bishops
- 17 St. Hugh BC Double W gl col 2) St. Gertrude V—for the Oblates of Mt. Calvary
- 18 25th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G Mass of Epiphany vi with Introit etc of Trinity xxiii gl cr pref of Trinity—for the reunion of the Church
- 19 St. Elizabeth of Hungary W Double W gl—for the poor in rest homes
- 20 St. Edmund KM Simple R gl—for the Church of England
- 21 Presentation BVM Gr Double W gl col 2) St. Columban Ab cr pref BVM—for the Community of St. Mary
- 22 St. Cecilia VM Double R gl at Votive of Thanksgiving Day W gl cr—for organists and choristers
- 23 St. Clement BM Double R gl—for those in the maritime service
- 24 St. John of the Cross CD Double W gl cr—for the Order of the Holy Cross
- 25 Sunday Next Before Advent Semidouble G gl col 2) St. Katherine VM cr pref of Trinity—in thanksgiving for the work of the Red Cross
- 26 St. Sylvester Ab Double W gl—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross
- 27 Tuesday G Mass of Sunday—for those who help the needy
- 28 Wednesday G Mass of Sunday—for the Confraternity of the Love of God
- 29 Vigil of St. Andrew V—for all parishes under the dedication of St. Andrew
- 30 St. Andrew Apostle Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and St. Andrew's School

- December 1 Of Our Lady Simple W gl pref BVM (Veneration)—for the Order of St. Anne
- 2 1st Sunday in Advent Semidouble cr pref of Trinity—that all in the church will make a careful preparation for Christmas
  - 3 St. Francis Xavier C Double W gl col 2) Advent i—for missionaries
  - 4 Tuesday V Mass of Advent i Gradual without Alleluia on ferias in Advent—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life
  - 5 Wednesday V Mass of Advent i col 2) St. Sabas Ab—for the growth of religious orders
  - 6 St. Nicholas BC Double W gl col 2) Advent i—for the Russian Orthodox Church
  - 7 St. Ambrose BCD Double W gl col 2) Advent i cr—for greater devotion to the holy souls
  - 8 Conception BVM Double II Cl W gl col 2) Advent i cr pref BVM—for the Society of the Holy House of Our Lady of Walsingham
  - 9 2nd Sunday in Advent Semidouble V col 2) Advent i cr pref of Trinity—that the Bible may be more widely read by clergy and laity
  - 10 Monday V Mass of Advent ii col 2) Advent i—for the Seminarists Associate
  - 11 Tuesday V Mass as on December 10—for those who mourn
  - 12 Wednesday V Mass as on December 10—for the suffering and dying
  - 13 St. Lucy VM Double R gl col 2) Advent i—for the blind
  - 14 Friday V Mass as an December 10—for the Priests Associate
  - 15 Saturday V Mass as on December 10 or of Our Lady W gl col 2) Advent i pref BVM (Veneration)—for those in the armed forces

NOTE: on the days indicated in *italics* ordinary votive or requiem Masses may be said On Commemorations of Saints (marked Simple) Mass may be of the Saint or of the feria with commemoration of the Saint.



day of Fr. Huntington, Fr. Mayo and Br. Abishai—of the flower garden! Almost half a century ago to my first contact with that spiritual giant, Fr. Huntington.”

Brother Abishai! He was certainly one to have known! He and Fr. Huntington were my first contacts with the Order (please don't count the years ago that happened). But Br. Abishai was a huge man in circumference, huge in wit and humor, and remarkable in the way he could handle the Sunday School children in their Mission. Truly an interesting character.

And Mr. A. G. Miller of Canada writes: “Have taken the H. C. Magazine for 47 years now!!!” (And he and his friends were enthusiastic about the October issue.) And so it goes and I find many fond memories have been stirred up with the request. Any more to respond?

One of the grand things of life is that we can look forward as well as back, that we can anticipate as well as recollect. Some have anticipated an idea we have had for some time and wanted to present to you. It is this: for some one in the parish, priest or layman, to secure individual subscriptions to the Magazine from the members of the parish. This was anticipated in one parish way out West from here; the priest secured and sent to us (all at one time!) twelve new subscriptions. Was this a great surprise? As it is said in slang “You telling me.” It was a real boost that came in just when needed. For I was practically alone with the work in the office, trying to get out orders, mailing lists, and answering inquiries. It was a joy to sit down and acknowledge the receipt of these subscriptions and helped make the filling of orders a little bit less of a chore than it was getting to be, and I could think a bit more clearly for some time after that. It is a joy to know that the church membership really see what is being done for them in the Magazine.

Another thing. One of the oldest of the Church magazines has just increased the price of the yearly subscription, and I can fully appreciate their reasons for this. Costs are going up in the printing trade and the publishers must more than cover these costs.

We have had some of this increase ourselves. But we have not increased our price, nor shall we do so as long as you all continue your subscriptions and anticipate this possible danger by renewing promptly or sending in some new subscriptions.

Do you know about the BUNDLE PLAN for the sale of the Magazine in your Parish? We still have this plan in operation and will be pleased to have you inquire about it for your Parish.

I was the object of much grinning, nodding, and quiet laughs during the reading at dinner one day. Yes, it was about fishing—in the book “The Hudson.” Life of the Dutch in old Fort Orange (Albany) was being described, and it said that the men went hunting, trapping, and fishing was great in the Hudson that it became a bore. Can't understand how that could be. But I do understand that my talking about it much can become a bore to you all. The season is just about over for being out alone on lake or stream up here, but I will still “fishing” for your interest and co-operation in all that the Order is trying to do through the means of the Holy Cross Press. One of the outstanding points of a fisherman is HOPE. And I hope that we will not be disappointed in you all.

The following was sent to be published as a Classified Advertisement. We do not have such a listing in our advertising. But we are glad to print it for the Memorial Committee because Fr. CirLOT was a reader of the Magazine and a contributor.

THE FELIX L. CIRLOT MEMORIAL FUND is presently receiving offerings for the erection of a memorial in All Saints' Church, Indianapolis, Indiana. Here, in the last parish which he served, the friends of Father CirLOT from throughout the Church are erecting a beautiful polychromed statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child as a permanent memorial to this holy priest. Contributors' names will be recorded at the shrine and remembered at God's Altar each year. Offerings may be sent to “The Father CirLOT Memorial Committee,” 1559 Central Avenue, Booth, H, Indianapolis 2, Indiana.